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<b>(1939)</b>	
<b>c.1</b>	

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# THE MISSILE

M A Y

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

R  
050  
M691  
C.1

# THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXVIII

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1939

No. Two

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Petersburg, Virginia.  
Subscription Rates: 50 cents per year; 35c January issue; 50c May issue.



# *"The Missile"*

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---

---

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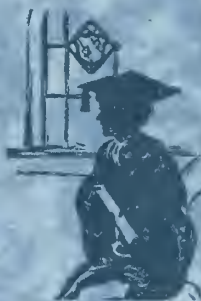
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*This issue of the Missile commemorates the one hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the successful operation of the Federal Constitution, with special reference to Virginia's part in its creation and preservation.*



*Senior Pictures  
Organizations*



Petersburg High School

1939

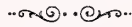






# *Class Poem*

BY VIRGINIA WINFIELD



## ON GRADUATION

*We've reached the summit; with a joy and pride  
We now at last from dizzy heights can view  
Our upward climb led on by faithful guide.  
From Truth to Truth we caught each vista new.*

*Our climb did not deny the chance to see  
In lessons clear, along the upward way,  
That steadfast will to be, not seem to be,  
Will bring contentment at the close of day.*

*In memory we long desire to hold  
Each loving face of those who, side by side,  
With us have shared and seen the years unfold  
Till now, in ecstasy, our spirits ride.*

*O summit gained, you only serve to teach:  
From peaks we see far greater heights to reach.*

# P. H. S.

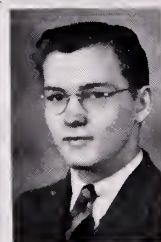
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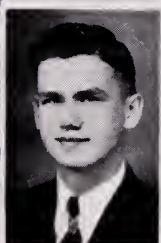
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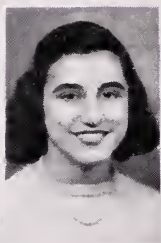
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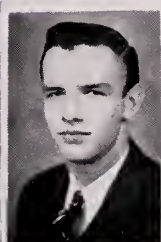
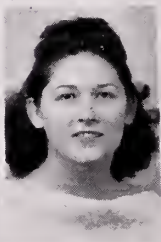
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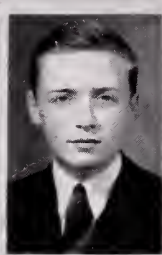
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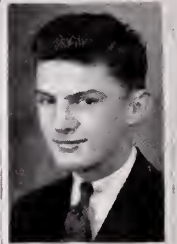
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3

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Mason Romaine, III  
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Charles Prosser Irving



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Ella Lorene Cole  
Mildred Frances Bailey  
Willie Ferebee Evans  
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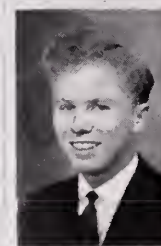
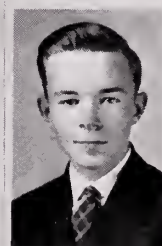
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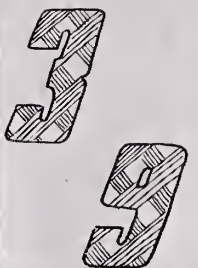


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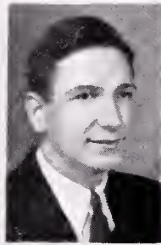


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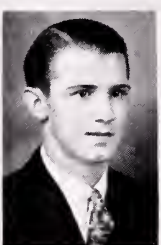
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James Marwood Quicke, III





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1

2

3

4

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Doris May Bernard  
Margaret Louise Williams  
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Floyd Deane Hargrave  
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Ruby Lee Bowman  
Catharine Augusta Williams  
Josephine Gertrude Barfield  
Nell Clay Pritchett  
Thomas Frank Smith



Reggie Lee Mann  
Dorothy Undine Hawks  
Elsie Ophelia Laffoon  
Virginia Clare Winfield  
Frances Gordon Tatum  
John Hamilton Rogers



LaFayette N. Shelley  
Bruce A. William Bryant  
James Thomas Floyd  
Claiborne Thomas Graves  
Beverly Boswell Hawks  
Philip Barney





# P. H. S.

1

9

3

9

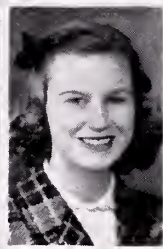
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Helen Slater Reames  
Marjorie Elizabeth Marek  
Margaret Elizabeth Goulder



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Frances Elizabeth Royal  
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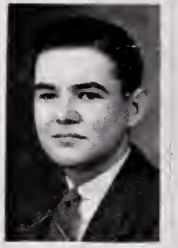
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Eloise Minor Parks  
Elizabeth Malbone Davies  
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Mildred Butterfield Savory  
Doreen Hope Turner  
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Clifford Earl Short  
Margaret Ann Williams  
Marie Lucille Kevan  
Mercer Ann Mizelle  
Marguerite Hoy Eanes  
George William Hartless



Wilmer Taze Royal  
Eugene Daniel Daly  
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James Smith Ritchie, Jr.  
Frank Henderson Irving, Jr.  
Shirley Edward Clarke





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Francis Wyatt  
Julia Meade Wilson

Second Row:  
Mr. Miller  
Dan Connor  
John Van Landingham  
Bruce Leys





# FEB. CLASS # 39

BOY

GIRL

Best All Around  
[2] Alton BELCHER

[5021]  
CHARLOTTE ALBRIGHT

Best Looking  
[4021-1] JOHN JOLLY  
BRAINIEST

[1-F00-3]  
ELLEN HARWELL  
[1131]

[5-100] FRANCIS WYATT

MARY WILLIAMS

BEST ATHLETE

[11+11]

[2468] MARVIN BASS

DORIS BERNARD

BIGGEST FLIRT

[1212]

[6141] GERALD AYERS

MILDRED SAVORY

OOP

[321600]

[13] JOE HACK

ELSIE LAFFON

(1.)  
"GUILTY," SAYS THE JURY, "GUILTY ARE YOU  
FOR THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE THERE'S  
SENTENCE due;  
you'll get up tomorrow  
with the sun  
And hang by your necks  
UNTIL you're done."



(2.)  
LATE THAT NIGHT FROM THE DOORLESS JAIL  
TWELVE LITTLE JAILBIRDS TO TOWN DID TRAIL  
TO FIND SOMEONE THAT WAS THEIR DOUBLE.  
THEY ALL SUCCEEDED WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE

W. CROWDER



BOY  
BEST ALL AROUND → GIRL

12 BAY JACOBS 12 JULIA WILSON 74

BEST LOOKING

ED HUNTER 3 MARIE FAISON 6

BRAINIEST

BRUCE LEYS 17 MARJORIE MAREK 125

BEST ATHLETE →

HARRY HARTMAN 81 DOT WILKINSON 171=3

BIGGEST FLIRT → ELOISE PARKS 16

MASON ROMAINE 5

4.

EARLY NEXT MORNING THE JAILER CAME IN;  
TWELVE ROPES WERE STRUNG FORTH  
WITH SYN.

THEIR FACES WERE WREATHED WITH  
MANY A SMILE  
AND DEATH

WHICH HELPS MAKE LIFE

WORTH WHILE.

DIP BOY - MUSGROVE, JR. 00

DIP GIRL - FARHAM, FAN 4

PETERSBURG



JUNE CLASS-39

3

IN SACKS THEY CARRIED THEM BACK TO DAY  
AND PUT ON A DOOR WITH HAMMER AND NAIL,  
THEN LEFT THE TOWN WITH HAPPY FACES  
BECAUSE THOSE OTHERS TOOK THEIR PLACES.





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 Assistant Principal ----- H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
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 Lucy Pilcher  
 Ruth Phillips  
 Katherine Wheary

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 Gladys Wilkinson  
 Easter Souders  
 Elsie Burnett  
 Charlotte Gilliam  
 Louise Bowling  
 Mae McIvor

Third Row:

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 Nettie Leftwich  
 Mary Perkins  
 Lelia Huddle  
 Frances Browning  
 Margaret Lewis  
 Laura Meredith  
 Sallie Guerrant  
 Eula Beasley  
 Horace Nims  
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 Max Gulig  
 D. Pinekney Powers  
 Howard Holmes  
 Leo DeSola  
 Howard Freas

Not in Picture: Noble Smith.

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Circulation Manager ----- Harold Wells  
Art Editor ----- William Crowder

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Circulation ----- Miss Bessie M. Hall  
Business ----- Mr. William W. Reade

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Marjorie Wilkinson  
Mary E. Williams  
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William Guthrie  
Bruce Leys  
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Mark Holt  
J. B. Jackson  
Bob O'Leary

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Jane Senter  
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Marjorie Wilkinson  
Geraldine Spratley  
Ann B. Hawks  
Jane Collett  
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Louise Andrews  
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Treasurer .....	Catherine Williams

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Vice-President .....	Dorothy Wilkinson
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Faculty Adviser .....	Miss Grace Herr

Starting from lower right (clockwise): Miss Herr, Madeline Collier, Mary Ellen Drake, Kitty Williams, Dorothy Campbell, Virginia Aldridge, Catherine Crostie, Aileen Fraser, Margaret L. Williams, Marjorie Marek, Helen Hammond, Margaret Burgess, Geraldine Shepherd, Dorothy Pond, Rosa Price, Dot Wilkinson, Helen Whitaker, Catherine Laushey, Ellen Harwell, Mary Ellen Williams, Jessie McMullan.

Not in Picture: Adice Murphey, Norma Sanders, Johnetta West, Jean Richardson, Jennie Proctor, Janice Rose, Jean Bragg, Alice Parrish, Ruth Ritchie.



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 Marjorie Marek  
 Margaret Williams  
 J. B. Jackson  
 Miss Annie Boisseau

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 Martha Walsh  
 Rebecca Phelps  
 Mary Frances West  
 Jane Senter  
 Peggy Steel  
 Dolly Foltz  
 Camilla Green  
 Marion Spencer  
 Evelyn Cohen

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 Shirley Petroff  
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 Josephine Donald  
 Betty Barton  
 Frances Achstein

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 Lois Sandler  
 Norma Sanders  
 Catherine Laushey  
 Mary Ellen Ivey  
 Alice Wilkinson  
 Jane Bowman

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 Johnetta West  
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 Dorothy Wilkinson  
 Frances Propst  
 Wilhemine Perdue  
 Frances Whitehurst  
 Janet Jackson  
 Bob O'Leary  
 Eddie Scherr

Sixth Row:  
 Dorothy Talmage  
 Evangeline Zehmer  
 Anne Brister  
 Anne Burchard  
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 Charlotte Brown  
 Mildred Tate  
 Robert McKeague

Seventh Row:  
 Rachel Bishop  
 Margaret Bullifant  
 Virginia Gilliam  
 Joy Houser  
 Antoinette Unsworth  
 Virginia Rose  
 Bruce Leys  
 William Gully  
 Louis Rubin

Eighth Row:  
 Henry Ellis  
 Ed Collins  
 Billy McKenny  
 Paul Strother  
 Floyd Jennings  
 Edward Talmage  
 Mae Gibbs

Not in Picture: Mildred Agee, Scott Albright, Nelle Lufsey, Nellie McIlwaine, Elizabeth Owens, Nell Pritchett, Mildred Clanton, Billy Thomas, Shirley Wilensky, Margaret Wilson.





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Vice-President .....	Shirley Turner
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Helen Gilliam

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Faculty Adviser .....	Mr. D. Pinckney Powers

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Helen Gilliam  
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Peggy Hamner  
Virginia McElroy

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Peggy Winfield  
Anne Seay  
Betty Crutchfield  
Margaret Langfitt  
Shirley Turner

Third Row:

Hilah Lee Parks  
Janet Jackson  
Helen Meacham  
Mary C. Walker  
T. T. Musgrove

Fourth Row:

Phillip McEwen  
Gerald Ayers  
Bruce Leys  
Anna Belle Brown  
Jimmie Mason  
Irving Frank

Fifth Row:

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Billy McKenney  
Floyd Jennings  
Austin Clements



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Marshall Johnson

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Nellie McIlwaine  
Jimmie Jones

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J. B. Jackson  
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Martha Lunsford  
Mary Parsons  
Marie Kevan  
Ed Clements  
William Crowder

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Mark Holt  
Arthur Seay  
Joe Foltz

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Miss Kemp  
West Holden

Not in Picture: Martha Kinsey, Donald Willecox.







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 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Virginia Gilliam  
 Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. Horace Nims

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 Virginia Gilliam  
 Carter Ernst  
 Shirley Shepherd

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 Jane Senter  
 Dorothy Arnold  
 Sarah Morriss  
 Camilla Green  
 Peggy Steel  
 Frances Parham

Third Row:  
 Lois Sandler  
 Roberta Weinberg  
 Jane Buffett  
 Joy Houser  
 Eloise Parks

Fourth Row:  
 Henry Ellis  
 A. B. Windham  
 Donald Robertson  
 Ellis Smith

Fifth Row:  
 Mr. Nims  
 Leon Parker  
 Irving Pritchett  
 Frank Whittle

Not in Picture: Hinton Williams, Mason Romaine, Bob O'Leary, Virginia Winfield.

# Hi-Y Club

President .....	Remie Arnold
Vice-President .....	James Traylor
Secretary .....	Dan Caldwell
Treasurer .....	Edward Hunter
Sponsor .....	Marie Faison
Faculty Adviser .....	Mr. Kenneth Erfft

First Row:  
Remmie Arnold

Second Row:  
Eddie Hunter  
Marie Faison  
Dan Caldwell

Third Row:  
John Jolly  
Leslie Ridout  
James Traylor  
J. B. Jackson  
Bob O'Leary

Fourth Row:  
Harold Wells  
Howard Chilton  
Gerald Ayers  
Alwyn Traylor  
A. B. Windham  
Hunter Jackson  
Robert Temple

Fifth Row:  
Jack Rogers  
Arthur Seay  
Charlie Varn  
Mr. Erfft  
Edward Lee Faison

Sixth Row:  
Leon Parker  
Mason Romaine  
Phil Kinsey  
Ed Collins  
Joe Foltz

Seventh Row:  
Bill Varn  
Harry Hartman  
West Holden  
James Doyle  
John Van Landingham  
Frank Smith

Not in Picture: Louis Wellford, Billy Moore, Grayson Pierce.







President ..... Jimmie Traylor  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... Marie Kevan  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Kenneth R. Erfft

First Row:

Eloise Parks  
 Carter Ernst  
 Shirley Shepherd  
 James Traylor  
 Marie Kevan  
 Margaret Langfitt  
 Mary C. Walker

Second Row:

Marie Slaughter  
 Alice Horn  
 Mary James  
 Peggy Steel  
 Dorothy Arnold  
 Frances Parham  
 Mildred Agee  
 Mildred Savory

Third Row:

Dorothy Cox  
 Dorothy Gish  
 Jane Buffett  
 Rita Struminger  
 Katherine Aeree  
 Lois Phelps  
 Jane Senter  
 Cecil Collett  
 Dorothy Holleman  
 Isabelle Nunnally  
 Catherine Williams

Fourth Row:

Edlynn Welch  
 Betty Burgess  
 Mary Riggan  
 Jacqueline Rogers  
 Shirley Petroff  
 Lois Belcher  
 Roberta Weinberg  
 Alice Wilson  
 Sylvia Rubin  
 Cora Davis  
 Frances Achstein



# Glee Club

President	-----	Catherine Laushey
Secretary	-----	Nellie McIlwaine
Treasurer	-----	Bruce Leys
Faculty Adviser	-----	Miss Easter Souders

First Row:  
Beatrice Balch  
Elsie Laffoon  
Bruce Leys  
Nellie McIlwaine  
Catherine Laushey  
Catherine Williams  
Mildred Agee  
Isabelle Nunnally  
Roberta Weinberg

Second Row:  
Mary Ellen Trakas  
Cathryn Jones  
Alice Horn  
Mary Riggan  
Marjorie Marek  
Evangeline Zehmer  
Virginia McElroy  
Catherine Crostie

Third Row:  
Rebecca Lubschutz  
Carlene Hennaman  
Lois Phelps  
Betty Burgess  
Edlynn Welch  
Rita Struminger  
Evelyn Butler  
Alice Pitts  
Pauline Pierce

Fourth Row:  
Rebecca Phelps  
Lillian Spain  
Gladys Balch  
Nellie Walker  
Mary Menefee  
Billy Dance  
Charlotte Perkins  
Miss Souders

Fifth Row:  
Helen Hammond  
Shirley Shapiro  
Thomas Beckwith  
James Steger  
Thomas Southall  
John Mann

Sixth Row:  
Louis Rubin  
William Ritchie  
Dalton Dietrich  
Clyde Woodruff  
John Unruh  
William Dunbar  
Edwin Lewis

Not in Picture: Cecil Collett, Katherine Harrison, Ann Maddera, Anne Mahone, Elizabeth Peterson, Marion Baker, Philip Picardat, Richard Robinson, Jack Whitmore.





President ----- Gene Kidd  
 Vice-President ----- Harry Hartman  
 Secretary ----- Jack Rogers  
 Treasurer ----- Marvin Bass

Faculty Advisers: Mr. H. S. Holmes, Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

First Row:  
 Jack Rogers  
 Eugene Kidd  
 Marvin Bass  
 Harry Hartman

Second Row:  
 John Jolly  
 William Weeks  
 Robert Gill  
 Louis Wellford  
 Alexander Jacobs

Third Row:  
 Rennie Arnold  
 Jimmy Doyle  
 James Clary  
 Wilfred Mann  
 Shirley Clarke  
 Eldred Jackson

Fourth Row:  
 Alton Belcher  
 Harold Minetree  
 Bruce Bryant  
 Ed Collins  
 Joe Foltz  
 Bill Evelyn  
 Ed Marshall

Fifth Row:  
 Mr. Holmes  
 Mr. Miller

Not in Picture: Frank Smith, Herbert Gill, Jimmy O'Donnell, Phil Kinsey, Gene Daly.

*Boys' Monogram Club*



# Girls' Monogram Club

President ----- Charlotte Albright  
Vice-President ----- Jacqueline Turnes  
Secretary-Treasurer ----- Virginia Gilliam  
Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Margaret Pitts

First Row:  
Jacqueline Turnes  
Catherine Crostie  
Louise Walker  
Jessie McMullan  
Hannah Heath  
Ellen Wilkinson

Second Row:  
Forestt Sadler  
Julia Meade Wilson  
Virginia Gilliam  
Charlotte Albright  
Eloise Parks  
Dorothy Wilkinson  
Johnetta West

Third Row:  
Norma Sanders  
Marjorie Wilkinson  
Doris Bernard  
Dolly Foltz  
Emily Lewis  
Frances Parham  
Louise Foltz  
Dorothy Clements

Fourth Row:  
Miss Pitts

Not in Picture: Margaret Spain, Margaret Burgess, Dorothy Pond.





Drum Majorette ----- Marie Faison  
 Director ----- Mr. Leo F. DeSola

First Row:

Ralph Carrel  
 Mason Romaine  
 Claiborne Graves  
 Shelton Clarke  
 James Brockwell  
 Remmie Arnold

Second Row:

Dorothy Holleman  
 Howard Meredith  
 William Traylor  
 Alyse Dean  
 Hugh Davies  
 Anne Drabenstadt

Third Row:

Carlton Potts  
 Billy Beachy  
 Louise Adkins  
 Clyde Laushey  
 Harry Snead, Jr.  
 Earl Clements

Fourth Row:

Nellie Burgess  
 Milton Friedenburg  
 Dabney Darracott  
 Billy Thomas  
 Eugene George  
 Alvin Jacobs

Fifth Row:

Thomas Southall  
 A. B. Windham  
 Scott Albright  
 Albert Wynne

Not in Picture: Howard Dunnivant, Jane Smith, Robert Nugent, Anderson Perdue, Sam Unger, William Sinclair, Rogers Thompson, Allen Unger, Maurice Tipton.



# *Cheer Leaders*

Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. Howard Holmes

First Row:  
Frances Parham  
Louise Foltz  
James Traylor  
Dorothy Clements  
Eloise Parks

Second Row:  
Bruce Leys  
Julia Meade Wilson  
J. B. Jackson

Third Row:  
Mr. Howard Holmes





Captain .....	Gene Kidd
Acting Captain .....	Alexander Jacobs
Manager .....	Herbert Miller
Assistant Manager .....	Leonard Bristow
Coach .....	Mr. Roland C. Day

First Row:  
 Alexander Jacobs  
 Charlie Moss  
 Gene Kidd  
 James Doyle  
 Ed Marshall

Second Row:  
 Walter Cheely  
 Gerald Turner  
 Joe Foltz  
 Shirley Clarke  
 Harry Hartman

*Boys' Basketball Team*



# Baseball Team

Acting Captain ----- Harry Hartman  
Coach ----- Mr. Roland Day  
Assistant Coaches ----- Mr. Henry Brockwell, Mr. Neil Oliver

First Row:  
Alexander Jacobs  
Ed Collins  
Warren Jolly  
Joe Foltz  
Harold Minetree  
William Laffoon  
Roy Ward  
Henry Lunsford  
Harry Hartman

Second Row:  
Donald Robertson  
Herbert Perkinson  
Walter Cheely  
Vernon Vaughan  
Louis Williams  
James Doyle  
George Martin  
Carlton Spain  
Shirley Clarke  
Wilbur Benson  
George Leys





Manager ----- Julia M. Wilson  
 Assistant Manager ----- Ophelia Whittle  
 Co-Captains ----- Doris Bernard, Dorothy Pond  
 Coach ----- Miss Margaret Pitts

First Row:  
 Carlene Michael  
 Alice Horne  
 Doris Bernard  
 Dorothy Pond  
 Peggy Winfield  
 Hannah Heath

Second Row:  
 Elizabeth Mann  
 Helen Temple  
 Jessie McMullan  
 Helen Watson  
 Margaret Spain  
 Sadie Wilson  
 Louise Walker  
 Emily Lewis

Third Row:  
 Ophelia Whittle  
 Catherine Crostie  
 Margaret Burgess  
 Ellen Wilkinson  
 Jacqueline Turnes  
 Josephine Donald  
 Eleanor Varn  
 Dorothy Wilkinson  
 Helen Wilson  
 Julia Meade Wilson

Not in Picture: Johnetta West, Doris McGee.

*Hockey Team*



# Girls' Basketball Team

Captain ----- Jacqueline Turnes  
Manager ----- Emily Lewis  
Coach ----- Miss Margaret Pitts

## First Row:

Doris Bernard  
Charlotte Albright  
Dorothy Wilkinson  
Jacqueline Turnes  
Frances Parham  
Hannah Heath  
Dolly Foltz  
Emily Lewis

## Second Row:

Peggy Winfield  
Helen Gilliam  
Eloise Parks  
Nellie Varn  
Marion Spencer  
Catherine Crostie  
Ellen Wilkinson  
Margaret Spain



# Autographs

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## When Amy Was Nine

By Betty Barton

“**Y**OU SEE, my stepmother didn’t like to do dishes, so she always left them for my sister and me to wash after we came from school,” said Mrs. Moulton. She was telling Amy, her daughter, of her girlhood experiences. Amy had heard them many times before, but she never tired of them.

“Strange that a child should be so interested in things which happened so long ago,” reflected Mrs. Moulton.

“Mother?”

“Yes, Amy.”

“Your stepmother was awful mean, wasn’t she?”

“Well, I wouldn’t exactly say that. She was just different,” refusing to admit to Amy that her adored grandfather had made a mistake even in choosing his second wife.

“But, mother, where did you get a stepmother? I don’t have a stepmother; neither does Jean. Where was your real mother?”

“You see, dear, my mother died when I was three, and then I went to stay with my aunt. When I returned, my father had married another lady. She was to be my new mother.”

“Mother, you aren’t going to die soon, are you?”

“Heavens, Amy, don’t be so droll.”

“Mother, what is droll?”

“Never mind, you run and play now.”

“But, mother, you aren’t going to die are you?” persisted Amy.

“No, I don’t think so. Not for a long, long time.”

“Because, you see, I never want any mother but you. I want you always to be my mother.”

That night it happened. Amy never forgot that night. A series of faint sighs awakened her. Then she heard her father clattering downstairs. The telephone clicked, and he began to talk in quick, jerky tones.

"Is this Doctor Smith? My wife is terribly ill." Then he gave the address. "No, I don't know what her temperature is, but it is very high," and so forth.

Amy knew with all her little heart that something was wrong. Something threatened her quiet existence—something evil. It was nearly dawn. As Amy peered out of her little window she saw a long green thing pull up to the curb. And then they put her mother on a stretcher and pushed it into the rear of the car—oh so smoothly! Amy was certain that it was an ambulance—one of those horrid, fearful things, and that they were taking her mother away in it. They wouldn't do that! Didn't they know that tomorrow mother and father and Amy, little Tim too, were going to have a picnic? Didn't they know that there would be no one to look after little brother Tim? No? Well, she must tell them, but they had already gone. Tim was crying now. So much noise and confusion had frightened him. Amy was frightened too, but she mustn't let Tim see. She was a big girl now, nine years old.

"Come, Tim, it's all right. I'll hold your hand." Together they watched the sun rise higher and higher, bringing the hope of a new day.

Soon Mr. Moulton returned with a strange lady. "Now don't you worry, chickens, we'll have mother back with us hale and hearty soon, but in the meantime I thought I'd better see about some one to take care of you two. I don't think I'd be much good at boiling oatmeal. How about it, Amy?" His forced attempt at joviality brought but feeble laughter from Amy, none at all from Tim. "So, I've brought Mrs. Jones along. You will stay at her house until mother is better. She is a very good friend of mine. She won't be afraid to tell me if you don't behave."

"Hello there, children." Mrs. Jones greeted them cheerily. Her height (for she was five feet ten) gave her a sort of cold austerity, but her manner was instantly warm and friendly. "And by the way, Mr. Laurence Moulton, when I have guests, especially guests like these," with a big wink, "I don't feed them oatmeal for breakfast; I give them pancakes."

But even this didn't break the ice. Amy inspected her coolly for several minutes, and finally the words came slowly, "No, I think I'd better stay here. Mother might come home and find me gone. Then she'd be awful worried; wouldn't she, Tim?"

Tim nodded in assent, though he didn't have much conception of what was being said. He always agreed with his sister. "And besides, I don't think it would be much fun."

"Oh, I'll tell mother where you've gone," said father.



"And," added Mrs. Jones, "you've no idea what fun it is at my house. Why, there is a big grey cat, some gold-fish, and a son. Though he's older than you, he's jolly when he wants to be. You'll come, won't you?" (with a note of pleading.)

"I guess we'd better, Tim," and, grasping him affectionately, Amy led him into the waiting automobile.

The days passed quickly and pleasantly at Mrs. Jones's. It was late June, and Mrs. Jones's perfectly wonderful (Amy's startling description) backyard garden was in full blossom. There were two wooden tubs in which the promised goldfish thrived, darting to and fro, delighting little Tim. The grey cat turned out to be a most remarkable animal. "I almost believe he could talk—if he tried awful hard," reflected Amy, watching him beg for some ice cream which he procured with a coaxing sort of me-ow.

Each day Amy accomplished something new, and after each accomplishment she would picture how she would show it to her mother when she came home. "When mother comes home" became a by-word with Amy and Tim. They could hardly speak without using the phrase.

On the day before mother was to leave the hospital, Amy constructed a little shadow theatre. A most ingenious affair it was with tiny black figures which flitted behind a tissue paper screen backed by a flashlight. "I think mother will like it, don't you, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, indeed, dearie. See, Tim likes it." She pointed at him, laughing at the dancing images. Amy was more than happy; she was jubilant to see her own dear mother again. Tomorrow too. That night she said a little prayer, "Oh, God, I'm glad you're letting her come back. Thank you," and fell into a fitful sleep.

At last the time came. She was entering her own living-room again. But where was mother? Never mind, mother was probably asleep. She would show father her new toy until mother awakened. But why were all these strange people here? No, not strangers; there was Aunt Eula, and Aunt Retta too, and Aunt Jenny. Tim looked to her for guidance. He had never seen any of these strange people from far away. He clutched her tight as she proceeded to dem-



onstrate the little theatre to the silent group. Finally she said, when she could endure it no longer, "Father, where is mother? Isn't she awake yet? Where is she?" The relatives stiffened. Father lifted his head from his hands and uttered in a dead voice, strained but unemotional, "She has gone to the land from which no one ever returns."

The child stared with incredulous eyes, at first not understanding and then unbelieving. Hadn't they said she was getting better? Hadn't they said she was coming home today? Yes, she had gone home but not to an earthly home.

"You—you—mean she is dead?" Amy had heard about death before, but it was something intangible, something unrelated and far removed from her small life. Suddenly she burst into a wild flood of tears. Tim did likewise, though he knew not for what. And then quite as suddenly she ceased. Was she not nine, a big girl now?

"It's all right, Tim; I guess God wanted it that way."

Hand in hand they left the room and sat down on the back steps. Together they watched the sun go down. With an adult hardness Amy wondered if there was a God.



## As the Colors Fly

By Edward Scherr

When that dear cloth of stars and stripes  
Upon a pole that's eagle-topped  
Unfurled goes passing by,  
With hats o'er hearts we stand erect  
With head and spirits high.

No smile beams forth upon our face,  
Nor tears inflame our reverent eyes,  
But deeply we feel a grip,  
Exulting that we stand here free  
And fear no tyrant's whip.

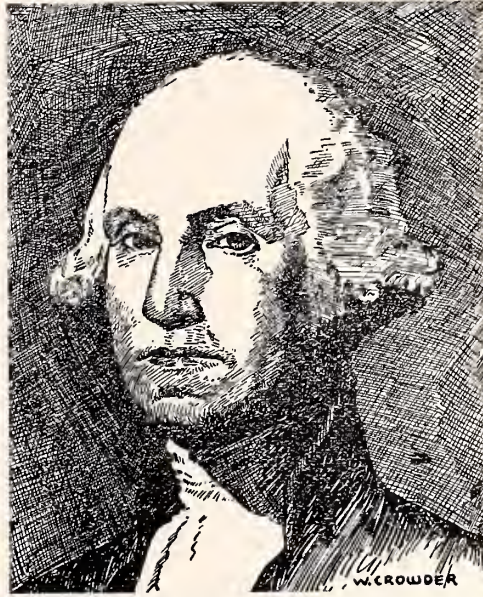
For this dear flag and for what it stands  
In this almost too fleeting moment  
We feel a surge of pride  
That freedom and justice still prevail  
For which our fathers died.



# The Federal Constitution

By Francis Wyatt

“**T**HE grand Convention—may they form a Constitution for an eternal Republic.” The words of James Campbell reach clearly over the span of one and a half centuries—centuries that have witnessed the triumph of the Constitution over some of the sternest crises that ever threatened any written document. Only with reverence can we consider the foresight and planning of our forefathers which created a constitution capable of “forming a more perfect union, establishing justice, ensuring domestic tranquillity, providing for the common defense, promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty to all posterity.”



The Constitution is a milestone in the history of the world, the written evidence of the rise of a great democracy, and a precept worthy of imitation by any nation. Time has proven the veracity of Benjamin Franklin's statement that the signing of the Constitution was the “rising sun” of a nation.

Indeed, one marvels at the ability of a convention of delegates in 1787 to frame a Constitution so accurately that the original Constitution, with a few changes and amendments, is today the most outstanding working legislative achievement in history. George Washington, president-elect of the Convention, sounded what may be regarded the keynote of their legislative efforts. “Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God.”

How anxious James Madison, the “father of the Constitution,” must have been concerning the future development of the United States when he saw such an extraordinary genius as Patrick Henry in opposition against him. What bitter opposition the advocates of states' rights raised against

any proposed government that would in any way overshadow or even challenge the power and supremacy of the state.

The fate of the nation was in the balance, and only by winning the votes of the mother state and New York, after many of the most dramatic moments in any historical era, did the United States, a government of, for, and by the people, come into existence.

One of the greatest difficulties which had to be surmounted in forming the Constitution was a question, even at the early date of 1787, a controversial issue between the North and South concerning slavery, only this time the specific emphasis being laid on the shipment of slaves. The result was another compromise.

Already the far South was beginning to count her wealth in slaves and the North centered its major business activities around fishing, commerce, and manufacture. An interesting fact to note is that Virginia, later a slave state, was in the beginning opposed to this institution, but the commercial interest of New England in shipping slaves was so great that, had the Constitution prohibited it, the entire North might have refused its ratification.

Another conflicting issue between the North and South lay in the differences of opinion concerning slave representation. Three years before the Constitutional Convention, a question had arisen in Congress as to whether, in levying direct taxes, the slave-holding states should include the slaves in this population. The three-fifths compromise in regard to taxation was later applied to representation. In this way the South, already obviously benefited by the better politicians, was able to boost her representation.

The greatest contributing factor to the success of the Constitution lies in its brevity. The framers of this document realized, even as we do today, that details beneficial to the present age may become a burden to posterity. Indeed, if this were not true, the Constitution of the United States might today be an obsolete, forgotten scrap of paper, ignored by the present age and completely relegated to antiquity. Another beneficial element to the success of this legislation is derived from implied powers which originate in a clause authorizing Congress to make laws necessary for enforcing the enumerated powers.

It was George Mason of Virginia who foresaw the need for a method of changing the Constitution. To accomplish this, the delegates finally agreed to make provision for Constitutional alteration by amendments.

A major controversy occurred in the Constitutional Convention between Edmund Randolph, advocate and author of the Virginia plan, and William Paterson who introduced the New Jersey Plan. The Virginia plan,



very similar to our present Constitution, was adopted. Often amid the heated debates and raging arguments the statement of Benjamin Franklin must have run through the minds of the delegates, "We are sent here to consult, not to contend with each other." This one sentence may have played a leading role in reminding the members that the whole world was watching the convention with curiosity and anticipated outstanding accomplishments.

Another great discordant element prevalent at the Constitutional Convention was the fear of the smaller states lest their rights be lessened or completely demolished by the larger ones. The result was a bitter argument on the question of representation. Should representation be based on population, or should each state be equally represented? William Paterson, a spokesman in favor of the latter proposal, vigorously asserted that there was no more reason for a large state to be more powerful than a small one than for a rich individual to have more votes than a person of less wealth. Naturally, all large states favored the first proposal.

Differences in opinion threatened the dissolution of the Convention, expressed dramatically in the tense statement of Elbridge Gerry that "something must be done." Benjamin Franklin declared that only by concessions of both sides could any agreement be reached.

Finally, after a bitter fight, the demands of both sides were met by instituting the present form of legislative representation. On September 25, 1789, all quarrels having been settled, the delegates signed the Constitution of the United States. Truly, that one day wrote one of the most significant chapters in the history of the world. The "sun had risen" on the greatest democracy of the world, founded on the broad principle of religion.

I am sure that the delegates who met in Independence Hall looked back, with a great deal of interest and satisfaction, at the compromises of the Constitution. It was a remarkable achievement to satisfy such varied demands in so concise a document. I feel certain that, were it possible for the members of the Constitutional Convention to be alive today, looking back over one hundred and fifty working years of the Constitution, they would be amazed at its stability.

In addition to the first ten amendments, in reality a bill of rights taken directly from Virginia's Constitution and instituted at the Convention itself, only eleven additional amendments have been enacted. Quite obviously, this one manuscript has proven itself nearly perfect. Doubtless, each delegate would have been keenly interested in the growth of the Constitution through the famous John Marshall decisions.

Perhaps the "father of the Constitution," who was living at the time

of the passage of the eleventh amendment, was greatly impressed by this first change. Advocates of states' rights must have been pleased to vote in behalf of an amendment forbidding any individual to sue a state through a Federal Court. The wise system of "checks and balances" restrained each branch of the Federal Government to such an extent that states' rights were never really endangered. Later, the need for changing the method of electing the Chief Executive resulted in the amendment.

Every signer of the Constitution would have been horrified by the tragic civil strife of 1861 over a question which had always been a disturbing issue, the right of secession.

The War between the States was inevitable, and, tragic though it was, it achieved an accomplishment which even the admonition of the father of the United States, the Constitution, and some of our most brilliant statesmen had failed to do: it forever joined this land of ours into a perfect union. Naturally, animosity continued after Lee's surrender, but, considering the issues at stake, sectional feelings were extinguished in an astonishingly short time. Indeed, had President Lincoln's plans been executed, the time might have been shorter.

Prior to the Civil War, the theory of states' rights had provided the cause of the Webster-Calhoun Debates, the latter upholding South Carolina's action in annulling a tariff of Congress. In criticism of Calhoun's theory, President Lincoln declared, "By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the states, and, in fact, it created them as states."

Following the disastrous internal strife, the thirteenth amendment, guaranteeing freedom to the slaves, was enacted. I feel certain that even the people of the South recognize this one clause to be one of the great cornerstones for a democracy of free people.

The one blot upon the legislative body of the United States was their intention to maintain absolute supremacy for the Republican party rather than to help the defeated South. The thirteenth amendment failed to determine the political rank of the slave, and the Republicans, ever fearful that the Democratic party would gain control, concentrated into one amendment difficulties, excessively severe, for the South. The result was the fourteenth amendment. Even when the negro had the right of suffrage, the Democrats of the South were still retentive of political control. In order to insure Republican supremacy in the North by the addition of the negro, William M. Stewart proposed the fifteenth amendment declaring that no person should be denied the right of voting on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Thus the Constitution remained for forty-three years until in 1913 dis-



cussions of the income tax question brought into the national picture Justice Harlan, the dissenting judge. I feel sure that John Marshall would have formed an intimate friendship with a man of Harlan's character. Perhaps he, too, would have taken an interest in Chief Justice Fuller whose dispute with Harlan, concerning the constitutionality of the income tax, reached its climax with the enactment of the sixteenth amendment.

The remaining five amendments followed in quick succession. Doubtless the one which would have interested, or even possibly shocked, our forefathers is the nineteenth, granting woman suffrage. I am sure, however, that they would quickly see the wisdom of the provision, since, in a true democracy, equality of suffrage is essential.

It is quite interesting to trace the progress of commerce down through the ages, but it is especially interesting in the United States because of the rapid strides in advancement of transportation which have been made since the framing of the Constitution. According to James Monroe of Virginia, the chief weakness of the Articles of Confederation had been the lack of Congressional regulation of commerce. Monroe is said to have introduced the "commerce clause" into our Constitution, authorizing Congress to regulate commerce, both interstate and foreign. Later, the Interstate Commerce Commission was established.

A most interesting series of decisions, referred to as the "Insular Cases," decided that the constitution does not necessarily follow the flag.

The vigilance of the states toward any form of aggression by the ever-increasing national powers is manifested in a clause of the Constitution providing that the militia must be under officers appointed by the state.

One of the greatest compliments to the people of the United States lies in their prudent elections of their chief executive. Through one hundred and fifty years the presidents have executed their duties so faithfully that only one presidential impeachment has been made.

Volumes could be written on the Constitution. Nothing need be said concerning the wisdom of any legislation capable of transforming a handful of jealous, self-interested states into a perfect union, united against any aggression, and united in efforts to produce a more perfect government of "laws and not of men."

Today, there is an awakening interest in America in the fundamentals of the Constitution. Dictators' commands, threats of Fascists and Communists, the prevailing "isms" of the world, the outrageous persecutions waged upon religious sects and races cause us to reflect and contrast our social and economic welfare with theirs. Truly, we are the richest country in the world, but let us not count our riches in material wealth alone, for, above all, a priceless jewel, the guarantee and mainstay of America,

is one written document, the efforts and achievements of a small convention in Philadelphia's Independence Hall in 1787.

May the Stars and Stripes ever represent a government which, throughout posterity, shall never see a setting sun!



## Song of Spring

By Louis Rubin

Rise, my gay spirits,  
At last it is here;  
Too long have we waited  
And cursed every hour  
That stayed off its coming;  
Wake! For 'tis spring.

Mild winds serenade us  
And temptingly call,  
"It is spring! It is spring!  
All the earth now is green,  
So come and rejoice,  
It is spring! It is spring!"

Let us romp and revel,  
Be carelessly gay;  
All nature is open  
And bidding us forth.  
Come, play in the sunshine,  
The clouds frown no more.



# Aunt Caroline

By Norma Sanders



DEAR ANNE,

Well, the fuss and furor is over. After the usual rice, white satin, old shoes, and beautiful honeymoon, I am now staying in the large, damp, uncomfortable old house that my new aunt, Mrs. Ames Washington Willoughby, wouldn't give up for ten million dollars, just because her English ancestors built it before the Revolution. I think you remember the worthy Mrs. Willoughby. She was the one in purple net and diamonds who wept into a large green handkerchief all during the ceremony. She was also the one who gave us the trip abroad for a wedding present. As a matter of fact, she not only gave us the money, but selected the ship, planned the itinerary, and made all the arrangements.

I ought not to make fun of her, for she really is a dear, and Ted is the apple of her eye. I haven't mentioned her husband at all, but then he isn't a very noticeable person, and people usually overlook him. As a matter of fact, it is he who is Ted's uncle, and Mrs. Willoughby is really no kin at all. They have no children, and Ted is their heir. He has lived with them all his life, for his mother and father died when he was a baby. I'm telling you all this because you haven't had a chance to learn a thing about him yet. I kept him out of your reach until I got him safely bagged. I am staying here because Ted got called to Mexico on business right after we got back. Dear Aunt Caroline invited me here, so here I am.

Aunt Caroline is a large, broad-shouldered woman with a moustache, and a mole on her left cheek. She is a born manager and exercises her talent to the limit. She manages the woman's club, welfare society, the house, servants, Uncle Ames, Ted, and now, me. The minute I got here she decided I looked like a picked chicken, and proceeded to put me on a strict diet. You know how I hate the very sight of an egg. Well, she found out that I lacked some sort of vitamin and must eat as many eggs as possible. She doesn't even cook the horrid things, just holds them over the steam from the tea-kettle about half a second. Imagine coming down to breakfast to see beside your plate one raw egg and a glass of chalky looking liquid called vita water or something.

Another one of her fads right now is astrology. She runs everything by charts. She wouldn't let Ted and me get married until Saturn was in the right house or something. She fired her cook because her horoscope wasn't right, and hired a Swedish girl who walked off with Uncle Ames' watch one day.

She is also very enthusiastic about physical education. She has fitted out a room on the third floor, which I call the torture room or chamber of horrors, and makes Uncle Ames take exercise with rowing machines and other queer contraptions. And if you want a show, just drop by one day when Aunt Caroline, clad in knickers, is puffing down the lane doing her roadwork.

Aunt Caroline, who is very strong-minded, doesn't think about clothes at all but always keeps her mind on higher things. And she looks like it! You saw a sample of her elegant taste in dress at the wedding, but you ought to see her dressed in what she considers the proper attire for working in the garden!

I hope you'll drive up to see me this week. Aunt Caroline will take good care of you, and I can promise you it won't be dull!

Affectionately,  
Virginia.



## Torchbearer of the Woods

By Ruth Kauffman

'Tis spring; 'tis spring!  
I mean that spring is in the air,  
For all the trees stand grim and bare  
Except the pine.

The pine lives on.  
The pine has lived to bear the light,  
One candle burning through dark night  
To show the way.

Thank God, thank God,  
One tree has held its head up high,  
Lifting its fingers toward the sky.  
Thank God for the pine.



# Night of Storm

By Daniel T. Caldwell, Jr.



ROBERT HUNT skidded his car to a stop. He had almost missed seeing that entrance. The car had slid just in front of two great pillars; between them hung a large iron gate. That made it impossible to drive up the lane, he thought. It was a beastly night out. He rubbed his coat sleeve across the side window, clearing off the foggiess in order to get a better view of lane. The rain beating against window made it even more impossible to see out. He would get soaked going up to that old mansion. But he had to go, so that was that!



He turned the brim of his hat down and his coat collar more closely about his neck. Opening the door, he quickly got out and slammed it shut. Stepping over a rather large mud puddle he went up to the gate. He would have some time getting over that gate in this storm. Wait! There was a small gate by the side of the large one. This saved him from getting further soaked. He went through it and started up the lane. It had once been a beautiful driveway and might in some respects still be picturesque. But in this stormy, howling night it was only a mud-lined path to a house of darkness. He stepped through the weeds that had grown up during its long disuse, avoiding the mud holes and also the rivulets streaming along. His shoes were already wet to his socks, but he would get there soon enough.

Presently the mansion loomed up in front of him from a turn in the road. Flashes of occasional lightning showed him the once proud old estate. It was a typical old Virginia mansion all right. If he weren't here on business, he might stop to admire it. He couldn't stop to admire it now though as its gloomy hulk loomed up against the lightning-filled sky. Its tall columns made a weird sight in the darkness. It was like a group of tall white spectres waiting to welcome any late guest.

He hesitated as he neared the house. He wasn't exactly frightened,

but he didn't like the feel of this place. The tall trees, now overgrown from lack of care, swayed in the wind as if inviting him on. There was some attraction about this place. It was rather bewitching. He wasn't scared now though; he felt better. Sort of an odd feeling.

Dashing up the lawn, now a wilderness of weeds, he at last stood in front of the large building. He went up the steps carefully avoiding the rotten places in the wood. Reaching the great porch, he stopped a moment to survey the path that he had taken. It looked only like a long tunnel of blackness from here. He definitely did not like this place.

Pushing open the great oaken door, he walked hesitantly into the mansion. It was dark! Oh so very dark! But at least it was dry. He struck a match to reveal a large hallway; the match burned down before he could pick out anything but a doorway on the right. He groped for it; feeling the musty moulding under his fingers, he went in and lit another match. Instantly he saw a large fireplace on one side of the room. An inspiration seized him.

In ten minutes Robert Hunt had a roaring fire started in the old mansion fireplace. He had seated himself in front of it on a shaky box which he had found there. Not bad, he thought, stirring the fire. It helped to cheer the place a little if possible, but it still couldn't take away the air of gloominess, as if the old house were waiting for some terrible tragedy to occur, just as he, Robert Hunt, was waiting for his future.

His future meant a lot to him—marrying Lucy and becoming head of the firm for which he had worked eight long years. He really loved Lucy; that was the trouble with all this, the cause for his being here tonight. Glenn had loved Lucy too; at least, that is what he thought. For Glenn Edwards had been the one Lucy was going with before he had come along. It had been love at first sight for Lucy and Robert. Glenn of course was disappointed, but when their engagement was announced he was the first there to congratulate them.

It had all started the night after the engagement was announced. Robert had half a dozen old love letters from a divorced woman with whom he had thought himself madly in love. Lucy wasn't the jealous type at all, but he didn't want her to know about those letters. The gossip might ruin their marriage and might also ruin her father's business. He had meant to burn them, but he had never gotten around to do it. When he came home the next night after their engagement had been announced, he had discovered that someone had broken into his apartment and stolen the letters. The next day he had received a note from the person who had taken them with one of the letters for proof. The letter had demanded ten thousand dollars for the remainder of the letters, to be paid at this old mansion at eleven o'clock on a certain date. There was no way of getting out



of it, for the person would certainly show those letters around and enough gossip would be started to ruin everything.

Glenn had helped him borrow the money and was the only one to whom he had told his secret. He noticed, as he sat there thinking, that the storm was growing worse. How would he ever get home after this was over? The rolling of the thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the old house, and lightning lighted up the place in brilliant flashes that made it look like day.

He wondered whether the person, whoever he was, would have any trouble getting here. He wished he would hurry up and get here; then he could—

"Don't look around," said a voice suddenly from behind him, "if you want to stay healthy."

He heard steps quickly coming around directly back of him.

"Do you have what I told you to bring?" went on a hoarse, mocking voice.

"Yes, right here in my pocket," said Robert Hunt, wondering who the person could be.

A figure moved out in front. "Now you can look up."

He looked up into the barrel of an automatic, a cold, masked face peering behind it.

"Take out the money and don't try any tricks," said the voice behind the mask.

Robert Hunt obligingly pulled out a package of money and laid it on his knee.

The masked man snatched it up.

"Take care of yourself, Mr. Robert Hunt. I'll be going."

"What about my letters?" angrily questioned Hunt.

"You don't think that I'd let you get those back do you? Why, they're my source of income."

"Why, you dirty double-crossing—!" Hunt said standing up and advancing, "I might have known whoever was low enough to take those letters would pull something like this."

"Keep back there! That's just your hard luck," said the masked one as he backed to the doorway, automatic in hand. "I'll be seeing you again soon I hope."

This said, he wheeled about and raced down the hallway. Robert Hunt leaped forward, but before he could get to the door there came a blinding, splintering flash of lightning. Instantly he knew the house had been hit. It seemed as if the whole house were being hurled down by the angry gods of nature. He wondered if the building were hurt much, and where the person was who had his money.

Racing to the door he found that the hall was blocked with debris. He climbed over it and got to the front door. There he saw that the whole great roof of the porch had been hit. In the center a great column was lying. Under it he saw that a body had been pinned. He clambered over the wreckage but discovered that he was too late. The person was dead. Was this the man who had robbed him? Looking about he saw the package of money by his side. Yes, this was the man.

Who was he? Bending over him Robert Hunt gently pulled the dead man's hands from about his face, thrown up in a futile effort to protect himself. He slowly pulled the mask down and there lay Glenn Edwards.

So this was the man who had helped him out in his time of need? How could a person have done such a thing as this? What would the world think of him? But no one would ever learn of this incident; it was the least thing he could do. He would simply report this as an accident with no witness.

The storm had about ceased now. He felt a little downhearted, but he faced peace and a new hope. He walked down to his car, unmindful of the few falling raindrops, thinking of the night's events and also of the future with Lucy.



## Dreaming

By Catherine Laushey

I sat before an open fire  
And saw a play unfolding there.  
It was a light, fantastic thing;  
The heroine had golden hair.

She first appeared in crimson dress  
And danced from one flame to another;  
She'd whirl and twirl and twist and bend,  
Her arms outstretched unto her lover.

And then the two would dance together  
A waltz, perhaps, or something fast  
Until it seemed that they were blended  
Into one glorious flame at last.

At length the firelight dimmer grew.  
It seemed the lovers' dance had ended.  
The flames of blue and red and gold  
Into a smouldering mass had blended.



# Virginia's Part in the Origin of the Constitution

By Evangeline Zehmer



HELLO there, Ned. I just came over to chat with you about the trip we took to Washington, D. C. Here, let's pull up these easy chairs and fill up our pipes. You know, that's a beautiful city, Washington, with all its national buildings.

When we went into the Library of Congress and stood before the original piece of writing called "The Constitution of the United States," I couldn't help feeling a sort of reverent emotion. Those sheets of yellowed, crumbling paper that haven't the strength to move themselves, govern a nation like ours. Well, maybe I shouldn't say that, because it's not the sheets of paper that govern; it's the fundamental truths found written in those basic laws. I remember reading somewhere this passage that describes my thoughts exactly, "The stream of time which has washed away the dissoluble fabric of many other paper constitutions has left almost untouched its adamant strength."

There's a lot of history wrapped up in that tract of land south of Washington, that we know as Virginia, that forms a great, gold link in Democracy's chain. Since we are citizens of Virginia, we should be interested in what the Virginians before us have contributed to our national government. We will cast our ballots more carefully and intelligently in the future provided we have a heritage to take pride in and live up to.

I am sure that the idea of self-government so clearly expressed in the Constitution of the United States began with the English customs by which the oldest son received the title and lands of his father. Those younger sons of the nobility had the same inherited traits of character, were equally interested in politics, for doubtless they had listened to political discussions from infancy up, and the same qualities of leadership. To their alert minds, the new world meant the possibility of fulfilling their keenest desires. Presto, the prows of the vessels turned toward Virginia with a cargo of the finest men of England. These men were destined to reach the heights of immortality in the hearts of Virginians.

Another branch of the English tree to be considered is the London Company. The East India Company was founded in the year 1600, when a group of speculative business men pooled their efforts and money to colonize East India. One headquarters of this organization was in London and another in Plymouth. I knew you would recognize those names, Ned,

and you are quite right. They developed into the London Company and the Plymouth Company whose role in the play called "America's Childhood" was tremendous. Two names are raised in bas-relief when one mentions the London Company. They are Sir Edwin Sandys and Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton. These men led the London Company under the principle that the colonies should have their own preferred type of government. In 1606, Sir Edwin Sandys, whom one might well call "Father of the American Constitution," was one of a small group to secure a charter for Virginia under which the colonies were to have "all the liberties, franchises, and immunities of British subjects."

The King and some enemies of this charter did everything in their power to check the London Company. They even selected a small group of men from whom the colonists could choose a governor, leaving the colonies no choice of selection for their leader.

We can't forget that the King finally removed the London Company's charter; but before he could accomplish his plans, the Constitution of the London Company had taken effect in Virginia. This paper, officially titled "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and planters of the City of London for the first Colony in Virginia," provided that all officers of Virginia were "to be chosen by ye balloting box."

The good ship "George" brought Governor George Yeardley to Virginia in 1619 and with him the papers whose black markings told that henceforth the colony was to be governed by "two Supreme Councils": "The Council of State, which was to consist, for the present, of the Governor and his Councillors," chosen by the company court in England, and "the General Assembly, which was to consist of the aforesaid Council of State and two Burgesses chosen out of each Town Hundred or other particular Plantation."

August 9, 1619—one of those dates that the poorest memories grasp and keep forever. The Assembly gathered. Both Houses sat together in the choir of the Jamestown Church as an unicameral body. Later they met separately.

"When the Governor took his 'accustomed place,' the members of the council sat before him, and John Twine, clerk, beside him, and Thomas Pierce, the sergeant, 'standing at the barre.' The first session was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Richard Burke after which the burgesses were sworn in."

I like to think of that fact. The first representative gathering in America was begun with a prayer. Francis West, Nathaniel Powell, John Pory, John Rolfe, William Wickham, Samuel Macock, and Governor Yeardley, all strong men, with bowed heads admitted that the guidance of a



Divine Father was needed to help His children in the beginning of a more brotherly government. I like to see in my mind the Great Father hearing that prayer and blessing that small group of men in the choir of that old Jamestown church and prospering the work they started.

The business of this meeting will strike a familiar note upon our ears. First, they took up the eligibility of certain members. Next they discussed the question of Special Privileges, a theme whose echo we hear resounding about us even unto this day.

We find another step towards our constitution on March 17, 1773, when the Virginia General Assembly proposed and adopted the plan of a Committee of Correspondence. Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania thought this arrangement admirable and soon joined in with Virginia in a league which the British politicians feared more than the protests of the colonies.

I've left out the most wonderful donation of Virginia. During the first years of her existence, Virginia was giving to the world men such as George Washington, James Madison, Patrick Henry, George Mason, John Blair, the family of Lees, Thomas Jefferson, and many other distinguished persons. Having been young people on a farm in Virginia, Ned, we understand what this country meant to those boys. Nature and her attendant seasons taught those Virginians to understand human beings, to sympathize with them, and to be patient with people whose eyes were not so well equipped to see plainly.

When these noble men were boys down on the farm, life wasn't quite so easy to conquer. They had none of the modern farm inventions employed by modern youth, nor were they safe from wild animals and Indians. Yet, Mother Earth gave into their keeping the message she offers to great agriculturalists: "This is your land. Its beauty and strength are yours. Your trust is to guide it safely through all storms!"

What was I speaking of before I started being a one-man Chamber of Commerce for Virginia's scenery? Oh yes, I recall. It was on June 7, 1774, when Virginia proposed a general congress which representatives from all the colonies were to attend annually. In Jefferson's comment on the convention we find the following: "The convention met on the first of August, renewed their associations, appointed delegates to Congress, gave them instructions very temperately and properly expressed both as to the style and matter, and they repaired to Philadelphia at the time appointed."

Later, there is a resolution in the Journal of the Virginia Convention: "Resolved unanimously that the warmest thanks of the convention and all the inhabitants of this colony, whom they represent, are particularly due, and that the first tribute of applause be presented to the honorable Pey-

ton Randolph, Esq., Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton, Esquires, the worthy delegates deputed by a former convention to represent this Colony in General Congress, for their cheerful undertaking, and faithful discharge of the very important trust reposed in them." And so, the American colonies first got together through representatives.

An important annal of Virginia and of the United States was Virginia's Constitutional Convention which "met in the city of Williamsburg on Monday, May 6, 1776, and framed the first written constitution of a free state in the annals of the world." This was a wonderful example set for the federal government, and I'm sure its impression on the American people was as deep as the water which separated the colonies from England.

The colonies huddled together through the midnight from 1776 on until dawn began to break in Versailles in 1783, as Edmund Burke, Cassandra-like, had prophesied to Great Britain in the speech on conciliation which he delivered in the House of Commons on March 22, 1775.

In 1781 the colonists had started a form of government under the "Articles of Confederation" under which Congress could not levy taxes or regulate commerce. The leading statesmen of the thirteen tiny states realized the weakness and clumsiness of this clay government, but no one did anything about it until Virginia's relationship to Maryland in regard to English commerce forced those two states to take some form of action.

1784. The complex laws of Virginia and Maryland as separate governments produced a situation injurious to the commerce of both states. Virginia owned the Chesapeake Bay through which the trade of Maryland had to pass. Maryland owned the Potomac River up to its southern bank, and Virginia's trade had to come up this river. Maryland sent a commissioner to Richmond to see about some plan of settlement.

At this time, James Madison, the real "Father of the American Constitution," a very young man, entered the politics of his country as chairman of the committee of the Virginia assembly on commerce.

The assembly agreed to send delegates to Alexandria where the representatives of Virginia, James Madison, George Mason, and Edmund Randolph, met the representatives from Maryland some time later. They adjourned to the "general's seat" at Mount Vernon. Having talked over their commercial problems, they agreed that it would be beneficial to extend an invitation to all other states to hold a convention at Annapolis in May, 1786, to settle commercial affairs and trade regulations. Only five states attended the conference.

About that time, Tennessee and Kentucky were threatening to secede from the Union unless something were done immediately to help commerce,



and as this question seemed vital to all the states, a Federal Convention was called to meet in Philadelphia on the second Monday of May in 1787, "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation." Rhode Island was the only state not represented there.

Washington, the grand old man of American statesmanship, and the young Madison were an excellent example of what community spirit was in Virginia, the older people watching over and directing the work of youth.

To grasp fully the wonderful set of laws, one must know something of the character of the men who constituted this convention. These men "represented the conservative elements of the nation. Men of education, practical politicians of long experience. Learned in law and history they were. Washington and Franklin did not have a university education, but they had the wisdom not gleaned from books or absorbed from teachers—rare judgment, a wide knowledge of men, profound insight into human motives, and remarkable sanity."

Virginia's most remarkable son, George Washington, was unanimously elected president of the convention, proving that he was loved and respected by the entire nation.

James Madison, another eminent Virginian, arrived at this meeting fully equipped with ideas and a complete understanding of the failures of the governments before this epoch of history. Virginia also sent John Blair and George Mason. The latter was not in accord with the plan of government and returned to Virginia without signing it.

Almost at the outset, these men decided to do away with the Articles of Confederation and begin at rock bottom to construct a government that would endure. Washington comments on this subject, "My wish is that the convention may adopt no temporising expedients, but probe the defects of the constitution to the bottom and provide a radical cure."

After much debating and many compromises such as the Three Great Compromises, the Constitution of the United States assumed the shape of the laws that have been changed so little in our country's history. This document has accomplished its purpose, which is expressed in the Preamble, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Richard Henry Lee, a Virginian, caught the intention of this Constitution when he spoke these words: "In all local matters, I shall be a Virginian. In those of a general nature, I shall never forget that I am an American."

Today, we benefit by those basic principles "shaped by American

necessities, and framed by men who could learn lessons and use the material the tide of History washed to their feet."

Great Scott, Ned! Here it is twelve o'clock. What will my wife think? She has probably been home from prayer meeting three hours. Whew, I had no idea we could become so engrossed in any subject. I'll see you at the polls tomorrow, for we must love our democratic government enough to cast a ballot. Good-night!



## Metaphors

By Francis Wyatt

### Waves

The roaring tide with snowy foam  
Breaks loudly on the yellow sand;  
Those lordly, towering swells that roam  
Cease roaming when they reach the land.  
A noisy boom upon the shore,  
An endless chain, a constant roar.

### Storm Clouds

The men of war up in the sky,  
In angry seas so tossed around  
With sails set free go proudly by  
A challenge to the seas that frown.  
With thunderbolts their cannons shout,  
The lights of their ordnance flash about.

### Mountain

Tow'ring above the tallest trees  
The giant, green-clad mountain stands  
More lordly than the mighty seas  
And outstretched lands which he commands.  
Each day the sunbeams tint his hair,  
At night a jeweled crown rests there.



# Insects in Daily Life

By Mark E. Holt



ANY of the annoyances of past time have been put to an end by some means or another, but the insect remains to torment us at every turn. I have read in certain books on court life in the Middle Ages that distinguished ladies couldn't keep still because their heads hadn't been sufficiently plucked of vermin, and even though this phase of insect annoyance has all but faded out of existence, we still can't keep still.

While sleeping through the most enjoyable time of all, the last half-hour before breakfast, I am rudely awakened by a nosy fly in the true sense of the word. My nose isn't large, but there he sits. I slap myself in the face and awake with a start, but the fly has gone away to wait until I am settled. I don't get settled and consequently my rest is over.

At breakfast there are flies on the butter, and, when scared away, there are just flies on the table. After these are killed and cereal is served, a spoonful of crunchy Post Toasties is found to contain a little bug, minute and insignificant, but nevertheless large enough to make me taste bugs the entire meal.

The problem of bugs at school is a very small one, and there are a few hours of relaxation before three o'clock. Immediately upon reaching home, mother, in the sweetest voice imaginable, says, "Mark, the two dogs have been running in the woods today, so won't you please de-tick them for me as a good boy should?" Acting the part of a "good boy," I set out to catch both ticks and fleas, for the term de-tick really means de-bug.

Many people talk about the appearance of my dogs' ears from the outside but I see only the inside. A dog's ear, as near as I can describe, resembles an endless cavern, with all sorts of hollows, corridors, and mostly hiding places for the unwelcome tick. When he is found, I am unable to get him without the aid of tweezers. In the meantime the dog discovers a flea and suddenly darts at it with such a force that I lose the tweezers and finally the tick. Thus the work goes.

The time comes to go to the river, and in glee I depart, but not for long. During the day the problem of mosquitoes is a comparatively small one, but when darkness falls, my spirit falls also. There are always a few holes in the screen, but the mosquito prefers the door. One has to open the door to go out and in, and the mosquitoes do no less than ride in on my back. After the lights are out and I am in bed I hear the drone of the enemy mosquito, and I go nearly crazy. At last, despairing of sleep, I get the fly spray, and it does my heart good to see them fall to the floor in a heap.

For a learned man, versed in the arts of science, the problem of bugs would be a nightmare, so what can I do? Swamps have been drained and oiled, refuse piles cleaned up, and houses screened, but insects live on.

I could stop going to the river, stop eating, and get rid of the dogs, but I would still be annoyed. My one consolation is that others have endured it, and so can I—maybe.



## “May Night”

(Nocturne for the pianoforte)

By Evangeline Zehmer

Deepness, stillness, night o'er all the earth  
is surging,  
Raising life for all the flowers growing,  
Every man and maid their love confessing  
Everlasting life to all is Spring now bringing.

Honeysuckle on the walk with buds perfuming,  
Softly sings my heart so wildly beating,  
Mother Nature now her children blessing,  
Reigning gently, mildly waking tender thinking.

Flash! Flash! Boom! Crash!—  
Lightning whirls across the sky,  
Pricking all the grey, black blisters,  
Rending them free to go threatening by.

Drop, drop, like the beat of a heart,  
Rain-drops flood the quivering ground.  
Only manhood knows such weeping,  
Choking, sobbing, passionate sound.

Night, obscure, delightful peace and calm  
resuming,  
Star-bespangled sky the stage is setting,  
Helping love's duration, never tiring,  
To interpret emblems of a God's revealing.



# Silent Waters

By Jack Whitmore



JOHN HURREL collected all the necessities for a long outdoor trip. His equipment was packed into the back of his automobile. His gun was in a rack in the side of his canoe, easily accessible, and on a rack on top of his automobile he loaded the canoe.

In a small clearing by a slow, almost motionless, dark creek he stopped his automobile. In this setting of low, overhanging trees he pitched his tent by the car. As evening drew on he kindled a fire and cooked a camper's supper. Thousands of birds began to return to their nests and filled the air with their chirping. As the sun sank, the woods became dark and the frogs began their deep croaking. He settled beside the campfire and carefully cleaned and oiled his rifle. The flickering shadows slowly became diffused by the light fog which crept up from the creek. He spread his blanket in the small tent and gradually, lulled by the noises of nature, went to sleep. Often through the night he heard the faint foot-patterings and cautious sniffings of the diminutive night prowlers.



Rising early he packed his canoe and set it in the creek. At the touch the stream became full of ripples made by the many surprised frogs which dived through its mirror-like surface. Leaving the clearing, he entered a tunnel in the low-hanging trees. The hazy atmosphere cleared instantly with the sun's rising. The birds again began to fly about, chirping merrily.

As the prow of the little canoe silently split the smooth water, the stream gradually grew wilder. Large based cypress grew in the shallow water. Fallen trees were lined with large turtles basking in the warm sunshine. Long-legged cranes stalked among the rushes and lily pads.

The canoe quietly nosed into a large pond. Extending on beyond was

an extensive field of rushes broken often by winding channels where the water became too deep for growth. Slowly Hurrel made his way through these channels. Often a water moccasin made his zig-zagging pattern on the surface of the smooth marsh to disappear into the grass on the side.

On the opposite bank was a small farm with a crude cabin extending out over the water. Tied to the narrow railless porch, a boat sat in the water as though stationary. A dreamy looking negro sat in it, a fishing pole stuck under the seat.

"How's fishing?" asked Hurrel.

"Jus' got some yellow bellies," the other said as he pulled up his line with another small flopping fish.

Hurrel tied his canoe to the porch, which served the purpose of a landing, and began talking to the negro about the swamp. The old negro unfolded many weird tales, stopping from time to time to pull in another fish.

The sun went down and night closed in before Hurrel realized the passage of time. Trapped by darkness he was compelled to stay in the negro's cabin all night.

Rising early in the morning, he went out to find his benefactor already up and back in his place in the boat. "Good morning!" said Hurrel. "What time do you get up?"

"I says when de sun gits up, it's time fo' me."

Just then something bit the line and down went the cork and most of the pole. The boat spun around and after a short pull a large squirming eel was lifted from the water. A relieved "Ah!" escaped the negro's heavy lips.

"What do you do with those things?" asked Hurrel.

"Eat 'em," was the reply. "Ain't you never ate no eel?"

"No, and I don't want any either."

"Well, dis here un's our breakfas'."

After enjoying, much to his surprise, a hearty meal of eel, he asked the negro, "Say, how about guiding me through the swamp today?"

"Lawdy, Massy!" exclaimed the negro as he jumped up from the table. "Dis here eel done come dis mornin' to tell me not to go in dere today."

"If you'll go with me," said Hurrel, "I'll give you my rifle."

"Dat gun?" questioned the negro, pointing to the large, high-powered rifle which Hurrel carried.

"Yep."

"But—but—dat eel—I—Is yo' ready to go?"

About a half hour after they left the cabin, the trees became closer, cypress knees often hampered the way, large snakes slithered from their sunny position into the murky water. At intervals the sun became blotched by heavy clouds. The old negro, with a troubled look on his face, look-



ed skyward after every deep stroke of his heavy paddle. As the sky slowly became overcast, the peals of distant thunder rumbled towards the frightened pair. The rain began to splash in the water around them and slowly increased until it seemed to them as if they were under a waterfall.

Paddling blindly towards what they thought was the nearest land, they crashed into a large cypress knee. The bow of the light boat splintered and slowly settled to the bottom of the black water carrying its precious cargo, the promised rifle.

As Hurrel clung to a root, a terrific explosion rocked the swamp. As he looked up he saw, in the flash of the lightning, the giant tree split and the negro, with upraised arms, topple into the water under the falling tree.

The rain finally stopped and the turbulent waters smoothed over. Making his way from tree to tree, Hurrel finally reached the water-soaked land. As he walked, the mud oozed away under his feet. Coming to a small stream, he walked in a few steps in order to cross. His feet sank in above the ankles, and he attempted to step out. Stuck! He couldn't move. His violent efforts made him sink slowly—up to his waist, over his stomach to press on his chest, around his neck! The piercing scream of a man was heard only by startled birds and animals. An upraised hand slowly disappeared under the soft slime.

A pall of heavy grey fog closed silently over the swamp. In the morning the sun shone brightly, and the birds flew happily through the moist leaves. Only a splintered tree gave evidence of the previous day's storm.



## Thoughts While at Sea

By John Van Landingham

Our tanker ran into a storm  
Last summer when I went to sea;  
The northeast wind was very strong;  
High waves were as far as one could see.  
I stood against the sturdy rail  
While the salty spray was sprinkling me.

I thought of the vastness of our life,  
And the troubles it can sometimes bring,  
And of the many obstacles too  
Which in our paths it may endlessly fling.  
When anything upsets this life,  
To any object we do cling.

# These I Have Loved

By Virginia Winfield

## Twilight

I choose:

The hour when darkness takes the place of light,  
When sun rays flood the blue with gold  
Then swiftly disappear from human sight;  
When shepherds lead their sheep to fold  
And one by one the stars are lit by night;  
The hour whose silent moments hold  
A sacredness, a wonder in their sway  
That lift us heav'nward at the close of day.

I choose:

The hour of peace when thought the day reviews,  
Its battles lost, its victories won;  
Hour of calm when rest my strength renews  
For races I will have to run;  
Hour of joy when love my heart imbues  
With thanks for all that He hath done;  
Hour for two when love has full control;  
The time when kindred soul communes with soul.

## On Writing a Book

In a language of flowers, of birds, and of brooks,  
In the spring when the hills are aglow,  
Is the early edition of nature's own book,  
With illustrated stories to show.

In the leaves is a violet hidden from view,  
With a message convincingly clear—  
'Tis patience, contentment, disclosed in its blue,  
To apply in my busy career.



A fellow as gay as the red of his coat,  
To add to the color and art  
Of a page in the book, is just bursting his throat,  
"To your work with a song in the heart."

In the chant and the murmuring hum of the brook,  
Is a challenge to strive for the best,  
A lesson that teaches a Heavenward look,  
With never desire for a rest.

In a language of flowers, of birds, and of brooks,  
In the spring when the hills are aglow,  
Is the early edition of nature's own book,  
With illustrated stories to show.

## Kitty

There is nothing so cunning as kitty at play,  
When she crouches a moment to spring  
At the flickering brightness of one shining ray  
Of the sun as it sifts through the trees.  
If you watch, you'll be caught in her mood and  
be gay.

She'll pause, then pounce with a leap in the air,  
Now with delicate antics she walks;  
See her shy at an object that just is not there  
And so suddenly turn in a whirl;  
With a flair! With a flounce! With a dash!  
With a dare!

I've seen animals act both in circus and fair,  
Well-trained in the act of the ring,  
And I gasp with delight at their movements  
so rare,  
But there's nothing like kitty at play,  
With a grace in her act with which none  
can compare.

## School Is Out

Doors are agape,  
Buzzing the bells,  
Rollicking, frolicking,  
Every one tells,  
Wild with a shout,  
Hurriedly, scurriedly  
School is now out.

Rushing along,  
Greetings from groups,  
Clattering, chattering,  
Whistling, whoops.  
Every one's free,  
Snappily, happily,  
Now that it's three.





# Virginia's Interpretation of the Constitution for 150 Years

By Bruce Leys



AFTER Bob had finished preparing his lessons for the next day, he sat in a large rocking chair in the corner of the room. He sat there for about ten minutes without saying a word.

Finally his father spoke. "Bob, what are you thinking about so seriously?"

Bob turned toward his father and said, "Oh, I'm just thinking about some history."

"What kind of history are you thinking about, son?" asked the father.

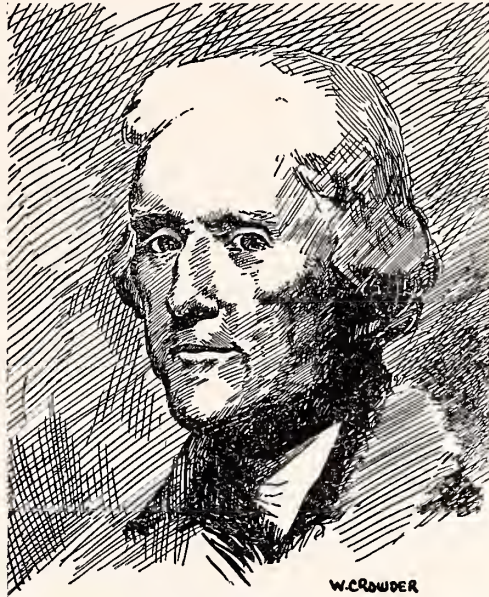
"Virginia's history, dad, and the part she has played in our nation," replied Bob. "Virginia has done a great deal for our nation, hasn't she, dad?"

"Oh yes, yes indeed," responded his father rubbing his eyes. "I've always taken a great deal of interest in Virginia's history, and whenever I find anything of interest to me I put it in a scrapbook. Would you like to see it?"

With a light shining in his eyes Bob quickly ran to his father and begged to see the book.

"In the making of our government under which we live, five names stand before all others. They are: Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Jefferson and Marshall. You will notice, son, that four out of five names I have mentioned are Virginians. I have all these men's pictures in this book and will point them out as I tell you a few things about them.

"The Constitution stated, son, that nine out of thirteen states had to ratify the Constitution before it came into effect. Soon nine states did ratify it, but New York and Virginia had not yet ratified. You must bear in mind that even after Virginia had given the Northwest Territory to the National Government she still was the largest state in area and in popula-



tion. Without these two states the Union would be weak—especially without Virginia. The contest was sharp in Virginia. I just imagine I can see Mason, Patrick Henry, Madison, and others getting up in the General Assembly and saying what they thought about ratifying the Constitution. George Mason was the principal opponent of Madison and Marshall in the great debate on Virginia's adoption of the Constitution. We shouldn't look down on those men who didn't think Virginia ought to adopt the Constitution, because this was a new thing, and these men were trying to think for the best of Virginia."

"Why did men like Edmund Randolph, George Mason, and Patrick Henry object to the adoption of the Constitution?" questioned Bob.

"Well, Randolph was finally won over by Madison, but these men who opposed Madison did so because of the Commercial Compromise relating to the impost and the continuance of the overseas slave traffic. This was sufficient reason, they thought, for rejecting the Constitution as it stood.

"The demands for a bill of rights was so strong in Virginia that a promise was made by the leaders of the convention that, if the Constitution were adopted, immediate steps would be taken to amend it by adding a bill of rights. This was done in 1791.

"Well, Bob, Virginia finally ratified the Constitution on June 26, 1788, by a vote of 89 to 79. Here is a copy of Virginia's Ratification of the Constitution. It reads like this: 'We, the delegates of the people of Virginia . . . do, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia declare and make known, that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression.'

"Although George Mason was opposed to the adoption of the Constitution, we must remember that he was the author of the Fairfax Resolves of Virginia's Bill of Rights and of the first Constitution of the State of Virginia. Indeed, he was a great Virginian.

"In those days, the senators were chosen by the legislative body. It is interesting to note that when the General Assembly met in the fall of 1788, a few months after the adjournment of the Ratification Convention, William Grayson and Richard Henry Lee were chosen as senators to the first Congress in preference to James Madison who had done so much in getting Virginia to ratify the Constitution. This General Assembly was made up of most of the men who objected to the ratification."

"Didn't President Washington have four members in his cabinet?" inquired Bob.

"Yes, son, that's right. He had Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, and Randolph. We remember Jefferson and Hamilton more than the other two. It is strange how two men so entirely unlike could be of service to their gov-



ernment at the same time. Jefferson and Hamilton are two wholly different types of men. Disagreements between Jefferson and Hamilton arose almost at the beginning of their relationship. It may be said that they were alike in the matter of intellectual power; in almost everything else they were different. Jefferson was of aristocratic lineage and environment, yet he was devoted to democratic ideals under a republican form of government. Hamilton on the other hand, a native of the West Indies and a man of obscure parentage, despised democratic ideas and only tolerated a republican form of government because a monarchical one was unattainable. In political life as members of Washington's cabinet, Jefferson was gracious and courteous; while Hamilton, given equal authority, became overbearing. Hamilton had been privately contemptuous of Washington when he was the latter's aid-de-camp and secretary. Subsequently he couldn't show his ill feeling toward the President, but he didn't try to conceal his ill feeling to some of Washington's associates. Jefferson in 1793 resigned as Secretary of State. His resignation was postponed for a year by Washington. However, our nation couldn't have done without Hamilton and Jefferson.

"One of the main things that we remember about Hamilton and Jefferson is their standing on the creation of a United States Bank. The first Bank of the United States was established in 1791 with a twenty-year charter. On this issue Washington's cabinet split. Hamilton and Knox favored the bank; Jefferson and Randolph opposed it. Washington expressed doubts as to its constitutionality but signed the bill on the ground that in the equal division of opinion it was advisable to support the official of the department that had sponsored the measure. Hamilton thought it was proper for Congress to read between the lines of the Constitution and do the things found there only by implication, while Jefferson, who believed in strict construction, declared that Congress had power to do nothing which was not specifically authorized by the plain words of the Constitution. Hamilton rested his support of the Bank Bill on the clause which says that Congress shall have power 'to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.' Those words meant to Hamilton that Congress had the power to provide for the general welfare; to Jefferson they meant only that Congress had the power, not to provide for the general welfare, but to lay such taxes as would themselves provide for the general welfare. Hamilton got his Bank Bill passed, and it is interesting to know that the national government today is built upon the Hamiltonian theory of broad construction of the Constitution. The bank was given a second charter, but Jackson tried to get rid of it before its charter expired, but the bank dragged along until 1836."

"What about the Alien and Sedition Acts, father?" questioned Bob curiously.

"In 1798 Congress passed the Alien and Sedition Acts. These acts passed were representative in character, involving particularly the freedom of speech and of the press, guaranteed in the Constitution. These acts gave John Adams the power to deport aliens who were deemed objectionable or dangerous, and it was made punishable by fines and imprisonments to publish false, scandalous or malicious articles aimed at the government or its officials.

"Both Jefferson and Madison evidently saw a good opportunity to halt the actions of the broad constructionists. Chiefly through the influence of Jefferson the resolutions known as the Kentucky and Virginia Resolves were passed by the legislatures of those States, the former being written by himself and the latter by Madison. These resolves are chiefly of interest as marking the first collision, though a peaceful one, between the States over the interpretation to be given to two of the most fundamentally important but most ambiguous points in the Constitution; namely, the nature of the federal tie and the question as to who should decide in case of dispute. In the Kentucky Resolves Jefferson declared the Alien and Sedition Acts as 'altogether void and of no force.' In the Virginia Resolves Madison declared that the State is the judge of what may or may not be constitutional in the legislative actions of Congress.

"Perhaps, Bob, the most distinctive quality of Virginia statesmanship is its breadth of view. Virginia statesmen have considered states' rights and the good of the whole country. Now you remember the glass liberty bell I bought you in Philadelphia, don't you? Well, you noticed the crack in the side of it. That happened when it was rung at the death of one of Virginia's most outstanding citizens, John Marshall. John Marshall was noted for his breadth of view in the interpretation of the Constitution. He served his country from 1801 to 1835. Here is an excellent picture of him.

"Here is another picture of a great Virginian, Thomas Jefferson. When Jefferson entered the White House, the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi River. Then there came a chance of getting new territory, the great Louisiana Territory. Jefferson was in great doubt whether he should buy the land. The Constitution was silent as to any addition to our national domain. Jefferson acknowledged that there was nothing in the Constitution which gave him the right. He seemed to be going against his own principle of strict construction of our great document, but he did this for good of the country. He hoped for an amendment, but no amendment came. As Jefferson had opposed the Federalists when they had strengthened the central government by such a small



matter as starting a bank, he wondered if there would be any strong opposition to his plan to purchase land which would double the size of the country. When Jefferson heard that Napoleon was about to withdraw his proposition, he decided to take a chance anyway, Constitution or no Constitution. Most of the people were overjoyed at such an action. There was one State that did threaten to leave the Union, but nothing came out of the threat. So we got what we call the Louisiana Territory for about \$12,000,000, and when Jefferson left the White House, he had doubled the territory of our nation.

"Then about eight years after Jefferson left office, the White House received another famous Virginian. Yes, son, you're right; it was James Monroe. He established our foreign policy by his great Monroe Doctrine. Today that doctrine holds just as fast, with just as much power as it was the day it was written, if not more. So we have to give credit to another Virginian for a great work.

"Going on now down the years we see another Virginian in the President's chair, John Tyler. Tyler was a strict constructionist of the Constitution. It would have pleased Jefferson a great deal to see Tyler when he vetoed the bill to reestablish the Bank of the United States.

"The sound of clashing arms can next be heard in Virginia in 1861 when Letcher was Governor. A majority of the people in Virginia opposed secession as shown in the presidential election of 1860. The final straw came when Lincoln issued his call for troops. The State Convention passed the Ordinance of Secession, April 25, 1861, without waiting for a popular vote, and so cast Virginia's lot with the Confederacy. Virginia then sent a despatch to Montgomery notifying the Confederate Government of her action. Robert E. Lee came back to his state to fight for the Confederacy. Sometimes, son, when we go to the library, I shall show you a chart with Robert E. Lee's name on it. It is the chart of the graduates of West Point in the year Lee graduated. He ranked second among his classmates.

"Most of us think that the main question pertaining to the war was slavery. Slavery had a great deal to do with bringing on the war, but the main question was whether or not a state could secede. For over fifty years there were arguments on the subject. Even today we see questions arising which make us still see the emphasis placed on states' rights.

"In the year 1865, the war being over, loyal state governments had been formed in Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Virginia. Johnson recognized them, but the big question was whether Congress would recognize them as loyal states. The thirteenth amendment had been added to the Constitution, abolishing slavery wherever it still existed throughout the Union. The State Conventions ratified this amendment, repealed the ordinances of secession, and repudiated the Confeder-

ate war debt. Then, according to Johnson's viewpoint, these seceded states were entitled to be recognized as states in the Union with full powers. Congress had another thought. It passed the 'Civil Rights Bill' guaranteeing the negroes rights of citizenship. A fourteenth amendment was proposed, the effect of which would be to deprive any state of its representation for its negro population unless its negroes should be allowed to vote.

"Under such conditions, eight of the eleven states, all except Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, were 'reconstructed' and allowed to resume their place in the Union. Not until 1870 was Federal military control withdrawn and Virginia allowed to become again a member of the Union.

"You remember, Bob, I said something about states' rights being prevalent today. We have two senators who stand for states' rights as well as those of the nation. Virginia ought to thank God each night for having two great Senators, Mr. Harry F. Byrd and Mr. Carter Glass.

"Virginia has a great heritage in these men of whom we have been speaking in our quiet way. The heritage that they have left is a challenge to us to keep the faith. It is great to boast about our ancestors, but the best way to show that we are proud of them is to work to build up a greater heritage for the ones who follow us."

"Gee, dad, I didn't realize that Virginia had played such a large part in our nation. I'm really proud to be a Virginian now."

It was getting rather late when this discussion ended, so Bob hastened to go to his room. As his father passed by his room he heard Bob say, "Thank you, God, for those who have gone before me, and help me to be like them, and to strive to better the Virginia in which I live."



## Coquette

By Dorothy Wilkinson

This pretty girl is a blushing rose,  
Rejoicing in the morning sky,  
Coquettishly stealing a sidelong glance  
At me, the admiring passerby.

She blossoms forth in all her youth,  
And, smiling knowingly at the sky,  
She joyously twines her fragile tendrils  
Around the heart of the passerby.



# Familiar Scenes

By Mary Ruth Carroll



VER SINCE I can remember I have traveled by train. From one city to another we have sped in this giant locomotive. When I was fairly well used to the different cars, I would adventure as far toward each end as I dared. Running or skipping, I frequently blocked a friendly porter's way. Later I soon abandoned this mode of exercise and substituted my greatest indoor hobby instead. Reading made the time pass quickly, but I always finished the book too soon.

With a few exceptions the majority of these trips were over the same rails—or at least over the same route. I have seen them so often I know Charleston's tall steel beams that construct the South Station and the small but neat wooden structure that is North Charleston's.

I enjoy watching the train "back in" at Savannah. From my window I see the end of the train or the engine, as the case may be, straightening after the bend. I can always remember that because it is the only city, large or small, that I have ever "backed into." I do not forget the palm tree that stands near a railroad building there. I watch for it every time I pass because it is always green, Christmas or mid-July. When I see the palms and Spanish moss, then and only then do I feel I'm in the South. The gorgeous colors of wild and cultivated flowers remind me of my outdoor hobby—my flower garden.

I make this trip twice each year—going and returning—making a total of more than forty times. Yet, there is no scene I love so well as the sun setting over a pond or river with the gorgeous colors of the sunset, red, yellow, orange, and blue silhouetting a pine tree near by. Sometimes I am so lucky as to see a white crane in mid-air or standing on a floating log near these beautiful scenes.

Alligators have never failed to interest me. The first I ever saw were at Grant's Park, Atlanta. Strange to say I was not so afraid of these giant reptiles (some of which were nearly fifteen feet long) as I was of "Old Maud," the elephant. Not so strange, however, when I remember that the 'gators looked so tired and even sleepy. Some seemed hardly to move while Old Maud jumped about—well, hardly jumped, but she did get about rather fast for one so large. She raised her great snout into the air, an action which quite frightened me until mother explained she was begging for peanuts. That was some years ago, and Old Maud is dead now.

I shall never forget my first trip alone. I was a queer mixture of excitement and homesickness all in one. It was to be the same trip I have

mentioned before—a short visit of about ten days during the Christmas holidays. Daddy went with me as far as Rocky Mount. I was all excitement up till then; then I wished so much to have my parents to talk to on the long journey ahead. But I was not without conversation! Indeed, I had much more than I wished!

A little girl, whom I noticed had gotten on at the same time I had, came to sit with me. She very soon informed me that she made an acquaintance on every trip she made and that she was conferring upon me that honor. Goodness! She never stopped talking! I was quite surprised when she stopped and asked me to tell her a story. I began a well-known fairy tale, but it seemed she knew this and so the story was finished—with me as the auditor.

Whenever I pass Stone Mountain I feel like saying “hello” to a long-lost friend. Huge formation that it is, it has furnished the world with many tons of granite. Now it has carved upon its majestic sides the completed work which I saw begun years ago—the bas-relief of the South’s greatest generals, Lee and Jackson. I never want to say “good-bye” to this giant rock because some day I want to climb to the very summit of the largest piece of solid stone in the world. As the train speeds on, I say only “au revoir.”



## My Rendezvous

By Edsel Ford

My rendezvous is oft with you,  
O Nature, in your dim retreats;  
In timbered depths of wilds am I,  
Or where the winding river meets,  
The first salt of the singing sea;  
I know not where I next shall go,  
Until the urge is strong again,  
But not to wilds or rivers' flow;  
Instead the heights I'll try to gain,  
When tides of spring burst forth anew.



# Bullets

By Eugene Noon



YOUNG JIM BILLINGS, secret operator 13, handed his ticket to the conductor and leaned back against the seat with his feet out in the aisle. His eyes wandered over the faces of the other passengers seated in the day coach.

His orders, received the night before, were sending him down to the Mexican border. For several months the secret service had been trying to stop the smuggling of dope over the border into the United States, and now things were beginning to break.

They had found out that a man by the name of Red Barton, who had his ranch just the other side of the border, was their man, but they were not as yet able to find out where he concealed the dope when he crossed the border. It was Jim's job to find that out.

The next morning when the train pulled into the station, he threw his bags on the platform and got off. Going to the town's only hotel, he secured a room.

After lunch he went down town to look over the stores, purchasing a rifle, shells, and other hunting equipment. Early next morning he left on horseback in the location of Barton's ranch. After two days of traveling, he came within sight of it. Pitching camp on a bluff overlooking the valley, he prepared himself for a long wait.

For two weeks he noted everything that was happening, noticing all callers at the ranch, how long they stayed, and in which direction they left. Since he was concealed at a considerable distance from the ranch house, he had to use a powerful telescope.

Then on the sixteenth day he saw Red saddling a horse, putting on the horse blankets, shotgun, saddle bags, and the other things that were needed for a trip. At dusk Red started for the border. Jim, having broken camp, followed him at a safe distance. Red crossed the border and headed for the hill. Sometimes for days Jim would lose track of him; then



one evening Red pulled up at an old shack. Jim watched the shack for two days. Then a rider came riding from the north, hitched his horse and greeted Red. Immediately they went inside together.

That night Jim crept up on the shack, and, looking in the window, he saw Red counting some money. His caller, a Mexican, watched him thumbing the bills.

"Well, is it all there?" he asked as Red finished.

"Yes," the other replied.

"Then give me the stuff and let's be leaving here."

Jim crept around to the door, kicked it open, and yelled: "Put up your hands!" Red obeyed, but his companion's hand went for the gun at his belt. At the same time Jim's gun roared and the smuggler dropped to the floor with a hole in his head.

"Well, copper, what are you going to do now?"

"First, I'm going to bury your friend here; then we'll start back for town."

After burying the Mexican, Jim went back into the house where his prisoner was handcuffed to a bed.

"Well, copper, would you mind telling me what you got on me?"

Jim couldn't answer. He had searched Red and his belongings, but had found nothing but his shotgun, shells, an automatic and food.

He started tearing up the flooring, sounding the walls and tearing the crude furniture apart, but he found nothing. He realized now that he had been a fool not to wait until Red had handed his colleague the dope, instead of rushing in on them so soon. He knew that the dope was somewhere around here, but if he couldn't find it, he could not possibly take Red in. He decided that somehow he must either get the dope or make the man do something that would justify taking him back. After deciding that he would give him a chance to make a break, he released the handcuffs and told him to sit in a corner while he made supper.

He made sure that Red was within easy reach of his automatic, so that he might try to escape and give him sufficient cause for arrest, but Red never made a move for the gun.

Jim brought his blankets in and made a bed on the floor, laying a gun on the table, but keeping another in his belt. As he turned to look out of the door at the horses, Red jumped towards the gun. He brought it up, and two shots rang out at the same time. Jim felt a bullet crease his scalp and Red grabbed his arm, dropping the automatic to the floor as the shot from Jim's pistol hit its mark. Then Jim started thinking.

Red had had his pistol loaded and within arm's reach all the time and had never made a play for it, but as soon as he had brought his own gun in and laid it down Red had made a grab for it.



Walking over to the automatic he picked it up, extracted a shell, pulled the bullet out of the end, and tapped it in the palm of his hand. A white powder fell out. Opening up several more, he found that each was packed full of dope.

He walked over to Red, slapped the cuffs on him, and said, "Mighty expensive bullets you use."



## Lumber Town

By Jack Whitmore

A narrow, unpaved, dirty street;  
A sultry smell of steam and smoke;  
A distant whine of whirling saws;  
A creasote pond in which to soak  
The logs which make this small town thrive.  
Thus we find the town alive.

The monotonous moan of monster saws;  
The high pitched whine of a suction fan;  
The ruthless purr of ripping teeth;  
The hardy, dark-skinned, stern-faced man,  
The boss who's shouts are never heard  
But carried out to the last firm word.

A whistle blows; a short shrill shriek;  
The roaring machines all slowly cease.  
The mumbling voices fade away;  
All is silent and in peace,  
(A virtue only work can keep.)  
Thus we find the town asleep.

# In Merry Vein

## Futility

By Margaret Langfitt

Each Monday morning, just at eight,  
I hear a knock upon my door;  
"Get up," they say, "it's getting late."  
I turn, and go to sleep once more.

I seem to hear somewhere below  
An oft repeated word—the same  
It seems I heard so long ago;  
Ah! I remember now, my name.

"Wake up," they say, "it's getting late;  
Why don't you answer when we call?"  
And then I think what a pleasant fate  
Never to get up at all.

I rise, I dress, I eat, I run,  
(I have to run; it's almost nine.)  
And not a lesson have I done;  
There is no life that's worse than mine.

## The Favorite

By Billy Beachy

The favorite trotted on the track;  
His head held high with pride.  
The jockey sat upon his back,  
His legs close to each side.

The signal sounded; they were gone  
Amidst a cloud of dust.  
The favorite's jockey urged him on;  
He knew that win they must.

Each horse was straining with all his might;  
Their legs were flying fast.  
The home stretch was a sorrowful sight;  
The favorite came in last.



# Oh! What Sounds!

By Waverly Traylor

Her voice came through the radio,  
Meaning perhaps no harm;  
It seemed disagreeable for that voice  
To try to sell us charm.

The R's were raspy; S's sizzed;  
Her M's and N's were mumbled.  
Were I inclined to criticize,  
I'd say 'twas all quite jumbled.

"She could stop that," a friend spoke up;  
"She should take public speaking."  
I added: "Yes, or arsenic."  
(A sure way I was seeking).

# The Teaser

By Joe Hack

Spring is here, I know it's here,  
There is nothing more to fear.  
The snow is gone; the sun is bright;  
Ole man Spring has won his fight,  
But could he be a teaser?

'Tis Sunday and the world at rest.  
The tiny robin in his nest  
Is glad as I that spring is here,  
And sunny days are very near,  
But could it be a teaser?

'Tis Monday now, and do I fret!  
The whole wide world outside is wet.  
A cold, cold rain not meant for spring  
Is having its disastrous fling.  
Gee, was he a teaser!

## A First Love

By Jack Whitmore

Last night, as I before a glowing fire  
Sat, a beautiful girl there caught my eye.  
To look at her could I not help or tire,  
And from my lips escaped a silent sigh.  
As she, sweet maid, upon a winding stair  
Received me and my soul with open heart,  
Her hazel eyes and flashing auburn hair  
Had made me hope that we could never part.  
Long as I live, maybe a hundred years,  
The things we did that night, the plans we made  
I never may forget amid my tears.  
All this, alas, I see before me fade,  
For she's a beautiful girl on a magazine cover,  
And I'm a gawking boy, her unseen lover.

## Youth

By Anne Brister

I go along the road of time  
And I skip because I'm gay;  
Oh, my soul is filled with gladness  
As I go along my way;  
I sing about the things in June;  
My song is loud but out of tune.

My mother is my patient guide;  
She leads me by the hand,  
To show me all those lovely things  
About this great big land;  
These things are very lovely too,  
But there are things I'd rather do.

I skip along this road of time;  
I know not where it ends,  
I hope at some enchanting palace  
Where trouble quickly mends;  
The things I plan will all come true,  
Just as the things in stories do.



# Madison and "The Federalist"

By Billy Beachy



WHEN you speak of the great men that Virginia has produced, you very seldom mention James Madison. I think, if you knew his life and the work he did in the development of our government, you would speak more of him along with the rest of the great Virginians.

To begin with, James Madison was born in Port Conway, Virginia, in 1750. He was well educated under many tutors and also went to the College of New Jersey. Madison was a very diligent student, especially so in history and government. He was one of the founders of the American Whig Society, a debating club.

Madison gradually worked his way up in governmental affairs, first by being elected to the Virginia Convention in 1776 as a member of the committee which framed the Declaration of Rights. While he was on this committee he proposed an amendment that declared that "all men are equally entitled to the full and free exercise of religion."

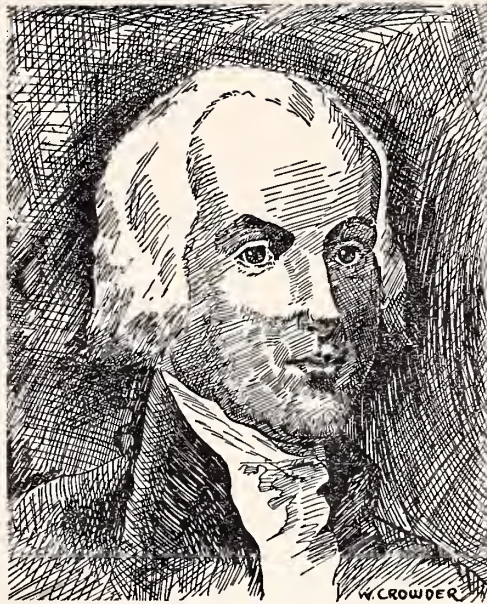
Later in 1780, he took his seat in Congress and served until 1783. While in Congress he kept notes on all the debates which he later used in the official "Journal."

He topped off his political career by holding the highest office in these United States. He took office in 1809 and retired in 1817.

It seems peculiar, but true, that Madison was a strict opponent of slavery although he was from the South.

Madison, in 1794, married Dorothy Payne Todd, a widow of great social charm.

These are just some of the main factors of his life and character, and I suppose I could go on for a long time giving more, but I think the shortest and best description of Madison is that of Henry Adams who calls him



"small, quiet, somewhat precise in manner, pleasant, fond of conversation, with a mixture of ease and dignity in his address."

Then again, Henry Clay described him by contrasting him with Jefferson. He said that Jefferson had more genius, Madison more judgment and common sense; that Jefferson was a visionary and theorist; Madison was cool, dispassionate, practical and safe.

Madison is best known for his work on that group of papers called "The Federalist." These papers first appeared in "The Independent Journal" and other New York newspapers in the interval between the drawing up of the Constitution and its ratification. They went under the general heading, "The Federalist." They were devoted to the expounding and the defending of the new instrument of government. In the Convention, four courses were presented:

- I. Independent sovereignty of all states;
- II. Division of the states into groups;
- III. A true federation, each state retaining its sovereignty and the Federal Government, dealing not with persons but with states, having no power of legislature proper, no power of taxation, but only requisition;
- IV. A nation with a federal structure, in which the states continue to exist with their general rights, but the Federal Government having defined power of legislature and taxation, and in execution of those powers dealing not with states only, but with persons, and in case of resistance through courts of law.

This fourth one was the one that was supported by the Convention and advocated by "The Federalist." In other words, while the political science of "The Federalist" was based upon the idea of sovereignty, it placed emphasis upon the attacks of popular majorities, not the protection of "the people" against the exactions of the executives.

The Convention and "The Federalist" had before them other examples of Federal Government in ancient times: the Lycian Confederacy, which appeared to them to have been well organized, and also, in modern times, the Swiss Confederacy.

Some examples of the topics of the work in "The Federalist" are as follows: In "Federalist" Number 10, Madison argues that the form of government provided in the proposed Constitution is more likely than any other to hold balance, and to prevent any one economic interest from unduly exploiting its rivals; in another, "Federalist" Number 39, he lays emphasis upon the dual nature of the new government, federal in its extent and powers, national in its operations; and in "Federalist" Number 48, he expounds the idea that to form effective checks upon one another the legislative, executive and judicial branches must be entirely distinct and be interrelated.

Of the eighty-five articles in these papers, Madison wrote some twenty-nine; Alexander Hamilton, who was "the soul of the work," wrote sixty-three articles; and the third writer, John Jay, wrote five.

Alexander Hamilton was a native of the West Indies. He had thrown himself into the American Revolt, perhaps as much under the influence of youthful ambition as from settled conviction in favor of popular government. As a member of the Conventions, he had proposed a Constitution more conservative than that which was adopted; but he embraced the plan of the Convention heartily upon the rejection of his plan.

Jay had written only five because he was sick. He too was a strong conservative. He became ambassador to England, and made a treaty which brought on a democratic storm.

These are just a few facts of the lives of the other two authors which I thought might be interesting.

Madison, when we look again over his life, had been member of the same party as Hamilton at this time, but he later passed over to Jefferson and the Democracy. Madison, in the great causes for which he fought in his earliest years—religious freedom and separation of church and state, the free navigation of the Mississippi, and the adoption of the Constitution—had met with success. His greatest and truest fame, which he well deserves, is as the "father of the Constitution."



## To a Bird

By Marjorie Marek

How lovely the hills of your native home  
Must be when the shades of evening fall  
And the scent of the suckle on your wall  
Is mingled with the fresh-plowed loam.  
Oh, lead me to your shady dell,  
For in this haven I shall dwell.

Nay, bare are those hills with no scented flowers,  
Where silent eagles serenely scan  
The drab, dark shades unknown to man,  
And no trees are there with leafy bowers.  
Stay, stay in your sunny strand,  
You would not like my barren land.



# Les Chapeaux Pour Madame

By Edward Scherr



H, aren't they exquisite this season! Why they are more beautiful than ever! Now what is it that could possibly cause such comment? To be sure! they are the latest creations in ladies' hats, if they may so be called, designed by the great French artists.

It seems that Vogue states "La Madame" must wear that type which was styled from the American Indian when her evening entertainment consists of a theatre date. You know that type which gives one a stiff neck from constantly peeking around the feather in the hope of getting a glimpse of the picture.

Or if she wishes to stroll on the boulevard one bright Sunday, she must crown her cranium with that type which would be complete only with two holsters by her side. But if by chance this is not her choice, she must go to the other extreme with one of those delightful doll hats which the organ grinder's monkey is so accustomed to wear. These seem to be particularly favored by the women who are slightly corpulent.

Madame must wear a chapeau which has the added burden of a veil if she is inclined to indulge in a little social pastime. When finally she has pulled the veil over her face—which perhaps is not a bad idea at that—she is only minus a white horse and a "H'yo Silver, Away!"

She may also be in the utmost of style if with a sport ensemble she blossoms forth with a macaroni-tasseled, suede tam which is characteristic of the famous monks of old. No, not monkeys. She may also on very sportive occasions bind her temples with scarfs of varied and pronounced colors. This is usually preferred by those femmes whose cheeks always glow with that so natural tint of red which is also preferred by gypsies.

Vogue also calls attention to those of the masculine sex to, by all means, save their discarded fall hats as from all indications from France, their wives and sisters will find them quite stylish with their fall attire if only the added ornament of a scallion is perched neatly on the brim.

Ladies, please take note of the valuable information contained herein as it was compiled from extracts of various articles published in the leading American and French magazines. Also remember it is the greatest style to possess a most uncomfortable headgear designed by French artists, the masters of millinery.

# Reunion

By Milton Friedenberg

**I**T was hardly the sort of night for a murder. The motherly looking, white-haired woman certainly did not look the part of a murderess. Yet the thing that was obsessing this woman was murder—the murder of Thomas Mann, munitions manufacturer. For in the mind of this half-insane woman all munitions manufacturers were potential starters of wars.

Her thoughts went back to the day when her only son had left for war. Strong, husky, and healthy, the boy had never returned, and since that time the woman had been half insane with grief. Day after day, the growing pain in her heart had deadened into hate—hate against all persons whom she thought responsible for war. It was a hate so fierce that it was eating her up, and the only way in which she could save herself was to vent that hate on someone. So she had finally decided to kill Thomas Mann, first, because he was a munitions manufacturer; secondly, because fate had brought him to the very city in which she lived.

Thomas Mann had been in the war too. However, he remembered nothing of his past up to the war. He had been taken prisoner, but a bomb explosion had swept away his memory. After the war ended he was returned to the American army, but no record of him could be found. Up to this time he had lived without knowledge of who he was or where he lived. Returning to America, he had gone into the Middle West and worked for some time in a small steel mill. He had gradually worked his way up until he had become owner of the mill. His business had expanded, and soon he was known as Thomas Mann, munitions manufacturer. Naturally, he had long before picked out a name for himself. He had come to this small town to complete a business deal.

The woman walked down a few steps into the dining hall of the hotel in which Thomas Mann had registered. He was eating his dinner, and naturally he did not notice the woman as she entered. She took a seat across from Mann's table and began contemplating the slaughter. Several times she felt in her purse to see if her gun was safe.

"Pardon, madam, have you ordered?"



She was startled by the waiter's inquiry.

"N—no, thank you," she replied, "I'm waiting for a friend."

Thomas Mann turned around as he heard the woman speak. Something about her voice sounded familiar. In fact, everything about this town had seemed vaguely familiar to his mind. He couldn't understand it. Possibly it was some new sort of mental telepathy. He wasn't sure.

The woman began thinking about the murder again. She was sure that she would be caught. After all, firing a gun in the dining hall of a hotel usually attracts attention. She didn't care. She was doing her duty for mankind!

Thomas Mann seemed familiar to her, also. Why? She did not know. She did know that she would not let anything upset her plans. Die he must, and die he would.

She rose from her chair and pointed the gun at his head. The blood was rushing through her brain; her heart was palpitating at twice its normal speed; her mind was whirling; but she knew that she must fire the gun in order to save other mothers' sons from a fate that hers had suffered.

She pulled the trigger. How the bullet ever hit Thomas Mann is more than we can understand. She had never fired a gun in her life.

When the bullet entered the brain of Thomas Mann, he did not die immediately. Something clicked in his mind; the canopy of uncertainty was thrust aside, and suddenly he knew who he was. He saw the woman holding the gun. He spoke one word and died. That word crashed into the woman's half-insane mind, and left her a gibbering idiot.

Thomas Mann had said, "Mother."



## The Star

By Herman Lewis

The star is like a merry elf  
So careless and so free,  
Who blinks and blinks and dances, too,  
And often winks at me.

Sometime I wish that I were he  
So carefree and so light,  
That I might dance and wink and play  
All through the long dark night.



# John Marshall and the Constitution

By Edward Scherr



OR one to appreciate the greatest justice in the history of the United States Supreme Court, John Marshall, one must be familiar with his appearance and character.

John Marshall was a tall, meager person with his muscles so relaxed that it not only disqualified him for any vigorous exertion of body, but also destroyed everything like harmony in his air and movements. His whole appearance, his dress, his bearing, his gestures, were quite different from the graces of Lord Chesterfield. His head and face were small in proportion to his height, but his face beamed with good humor, and his eyes proclaimed the power of his mind.



Marshall possessed profound knowledge and was quick to determine the fallacy or truth of an argument. He spoke clearly and in a tone of simple truth which compelled conviction. He knew nothing of pride, ostentation, or hypocrisy and he lived up to the letter and spirit of republicanism, while maintaining the dignity due to his age and office.

There are four cases on which Marshall's decisions have assured him a place in the annals of our history as our foremost justice.

The first of these was the case of Marbury vs. Madison in 1803. William Marbury, who had been appointed by Adams to be justice of the peace in the District of Columbia, had not received his commission. Marshall, who had been Secretary of State until the end of Adams' term, had failed, because of the hurry of the later days, to attend to the transfer of the commissioner and Marbury sought aid of the court. A motion was made in Congress for a rule requiring the secretary of state, Madison, to show

cause why a mandamus should not be issued directing him to deliver the commission. The rule was issued but Madison ignored it. On this the court gave an opinion upholding Madison.

The importance of this case lies in the fact that for the first time a congressional enactment was declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional and of no effect.

The second of these cases was the Dartmouth College case in 1819. Dartmouth College had received a charter during the colonial days from the crown. The state legislature passed acts to amend the charter and to increase the number of trustees, the additional trustees to be appointed by the Governor. Provisions were made for a board of overseers to inspect and control the trustees in certain particulars. These enactments were but one incident, but they had caused personal animosities, entanglements in state politics, and religious rancor. Marshall decided that this could not be done as the college was an eleemosynary institution and not a civil institution participating in the administration of the government.

This is the most famous of Marshall's decisions though not the most far-reaching in constitutional effects. It is accepted even now that a charter of a private corporation is a contract. The decision announced limitations on the state authority and was important in industrial history, for it gave assurance of the inviolability of corporation charters and gave stability to those great industrial agencies.

The third decision was made in 1819 in the case of *McCulloch vs. Maryland*. Congress had given a charter to the National Bank. Particularly in the newer regions the branch banks gave rise to schemes of money sharks for collecting money from the helpless and drying up sources of money. Several states, including Maryland, levied taxes on these banks to overcome the evil. Maryland's law was tested in the Supreme Court. Maryland had passed a law saying that, if a bank was established without her consent, their notes must be printed on stamped paper or pay a tax. One of the branch banks refused to comply, and *McCulloch*, a clerk, was sued for debt. Marshall declared that the banks could be established as such establishment was an implied power of the Federal Government. The Federal Government could use the banks as a means for carrying out the fiscal operations of the government. The question whether Maryland could tax the banks still remained. Marshall said she could not because "the power to tax is the power to destroy and may deflect and render useless the power to create." The act of Maryland was therefore unconstitutional.

What makes this decision so important in constitutional history is the fact that it came at a time when the tide of feeling ran high and when theories of national rights were current. Pennsylvania proposed an amend-

ment legalizing the federal banks in the District of Columbia only. Ten other states disapproved it and declared that "the dignity, the welfare, the prosperity and the permanency of that Government (which is our pride and admiration) forbid the adoption of the proposed amendment."

The fourth of these great cases was *Gibbons vs. Ogden* in 1824. This was the first time that the subject which has caused so much controversy throughout our history, interstate commerce, was brought into question. There came before the court the question of the validity of a New York act granting certain persons the exclusive rights to navigate New York waters in steamboats. The main question was: could a state, asserting its complete authority over transportation on waters within its limits, obstruct the national routes of communications and even shut out foreign vessels from its harbors? The court gave the opinion that internal commerce of a state is subject to state regulation, but interstate and foreign commerce "is vested in Congress as absolutely as it would be in a single government having in its constitution the same restrictions on the exercise of its power as are found in the constitution of the United States."


The case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden* didn't end the controversy of states' power in commerce in the absence of congressional enactments, but it did give the commerce clause a broad construction which assured general and national control when later conditions made such control and regulations desirable.

The opinions in these cases were based on reason and were emphatic pronouncements of national authority. That these discussions and the opinions should have come in those formative days, before sectionalism and state sovereignty grew really menacing, was tremendously important to the future of our country. Marshall didn't create nationalism by constitutional construction but by taking broad, forward-looking views of realities. He and others built up a constitution suitable for a nation and a growing nation at that. "A constitution is framed for ages to come, and is designed to approach immortality as nearly as human institutions can approach it."



# Going to the Bugs

By Dorothy Wilkinson

“WING” was supposed to be danced to with a smart, sophisticated step, but at length it has developed into a mass of blasts and music that seems to have come fresh from the insane asylum.

When the modern musician invented this new fad in dance music I never dreamed that it would have the effect that it has had on the object of my affections. The quartets of the various swing orchestras fascinate him, because he says that it gives the individual player a chance to show either how “corny” or how good he really is. I am a pretty staunch fan of the latest dance myself, but when it comes to the modern dance a la swing as interpreted by “jitterbugs,” I am indeed an anti-swing enthusiast.

I have a perfect horror of attending with Andy a dance that has as its main attraction a swing ensemble. When the orchestra swings into “Flat Foot Floogy,” he grabs me around the waist with a simple “Come on, worm, let’s wiggle,” and executes a series of hops, skips, and jumps that would put an African savage to shame. The dance is indeed a blasphemy on the American people who are supposed to be a civilized race.

When a new fad is introduced, new words must inevitably come into use. His pet expressions are “hep-cat,” “alligator,” and “in the groove,” which can be interpreted (believe it or not) as those persons who are swing fans and who gad about the dance floor like Mexican jumping beans. He insists on calling the clarinet a “licorice stick” while the dignified bass fiddler has been dubbed “keeper of the dog house.”

We are continually going from one place to another to dance. Instead of the waltz or Westchester or Lambeth Walk (which is “strictly off the cab”) he does the Lindy Lou Hop, and the Little Apple.

Now, when we sit at home before a cozy open fire, instead of whispering sweet little nothings to me, he talks of the modern songs. According to him the ultra-modern type is simply the last word in music, but I must admit that to me it is simply a series of notes with no tune and often with very appropriate titles such as: “Dinner Music for a Bunch of Hungry Cannibals.”

Don’t for an instance think that I don’t like swing, for no one can help succumbing to its sweet, sticky rhythm. It’s the thing that swing stands for in my mind that irritates me.

So if the rumor is true that swing is on its way out, I am ready to help it with a great big push.

# Search

By Frances Achstein



AST SIDE, New York, was quite an appalling sight on a hot, humid day in July. The heat was so intense that the overcrowded, dingy buildings seemed to shrink and sweat. The fire escapes were filled with mothers holding their suckling, undernourished brats. Slovenly intoxicated men lay on the steps in drunken stupor, and perspiration beads stood out on their faces. A little girl sat on the steps playing with a doll made from a towel. Below the four-story buildings the streets were filled with push carts selling everything imaginable from clothing to household articles and food. The crowded subways rumbled under the streets; the street cars screeched on the tracks of the street; the elevated rushed above the streets. The headlong eager crowds moved on, but it made no difference where. Everywhere—noise! noise! Young urchins skillfully stole from the push carts. A fat immigrant woman ran along pulling a dirty, ragged girl behind. Women with accented dialects were buying from the push carts. All this medley made up Rivington Street.

Around the corner on Houston Street, by the waterfront, the same conditions prevailed, but there were three people who were very still. Rebecca Stivel lay very quiet and pale on a couch. Her large eyes were now half closed; her parted lips were parched with fever. The long gray-streaked black plaits lay over her shoulders on a clean white gown. One could see that Rebecca was finding it hard to breathe. Yetta, her twelve-year-old daughter, was applying cool, wet towels to her head. Ah! how good that felt. Rebecca knew the end was near, and she was afraid. Who would care for her two young children? Although little Yetta was twelve years old, she had the intellect of a child much older. For two years she and her brother, David, who was fourteen, had taken care of their beloved mother with the little help of neighbors.

David was their only source of income. He helped a boy on a newspaper route for money, and he sang in the streets. Everyone knew the curly-headed boy who sang from his heart the Yiddish songs his mother had taught him before her illness. His clear, soprano voice never failed to bring in enough for supper. But now, he didn't sing any more. His mother was very ill, and nothing could save her.

A faint tap on the door broke the silence. David opened it and admitted a strong-looking, middle-aged woman.

"How is your mudder?" she asked with a definite accent in a concerned manner.

David tried to answer, but he couldn't speak. He was afraid to say anything, afraid he would have to say she was not better. The woman didn't wait for a reply, only tip-toed to the couch. She could see that the woman was worse and refrained from shaking her head. She smiled and said encouragingly to the children, "Oh, she will soon be better."

Rebecca closed her eyes for a second, and then she opened them wide. Yetta dipped the towel in the cool water, wrung out some of it, and tried to put it on the fevered head, but Rebecca waved her away.

"I don't need it any more, my child," she said between coughs.. It was the first time she had coughed for two hours, but now paroxysms shook her, and each cough wrung the hearts of her children. When she was through and had been settled a few seconds, she beckoned her children to her. David put his hand over her mouth signifying that she must not talk, but she must. She began to whisper. They came nearer to listen.

"Last night—dreamed—saw my mother—she came for me—must go. Take care—each other."

With that her eyes closed for the last time. David bit his lips to keep back the tears, but was soon sobbing. Yetta sat by her mother's bed and stared. The neighbor woman was mystified. Why didn't the child cry? Why did she stare so? A cold chill ran through Mrs. Goldstein when she saw the large, black eyes staring into space. She gathered the children to her and took them to her apartment.

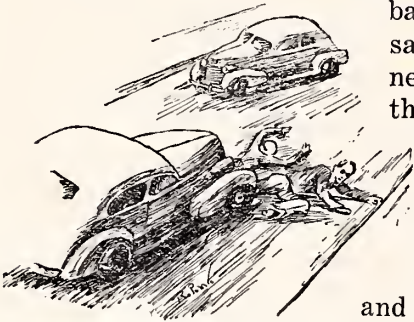
That afternoon men came to the apartment and put the body into a large automobile. It was the end of her for them, and still Yetta did not cry, and thus she stayed—never crying, but always staring.

That afternoon men came to the apartment and put the body into a large automobile. It was the end of her for them, and still Yetta did not cry, and thus she stayed—never crying, but always staring.

For one week David and Yetta stayed at Mrs. Goldstein's apartment. At the end of the week some women of the neighborhood came over to decide what should be done about the children. The only alternative was an orphanage. And so to an orphanage they were sent.

At first it was terrible for both of them, but later things were different. It was good for Yetta to be here as she got good meals and plenty of rest. Soon David began to sing again. Ah! this made life complete. .

When they had been in the home for about four years, Yetta was shocked when David told her he was going away. He pleaded with her.





"Sis, I'm going because of you. I want to make money for you so you won't have to live in a place like we—we used to. I'll be back for you."

She begged him to stay, to take care of her. She was happy because he was and this tore something from her heart. Yetta knew her pleading would be in vain. The following day David escaped. For days she did not eat, slept hardly any, and, in fact, hardly existed.

For two years she waited for his return. She did not give up hope, but she was impatient—impatient to look at him, to hear him sing. He was all she had. Yetta had worked hard so that he would be proud of her.

One day it occurred to her that something might be wrong, something that kept him from coming for her. She must look for him. She must! She convinced the headmatron that it was necessary for her to go and that at her age, she was old enough to care for herself.

With fifty dollars in her purse, earned from working in the garden, she set out to find her brother. First she must get back to Houston street. To her it seemed days before she found the exact location of the tenement house she had once lived in. She found it with much difficulty. It was as she remembered it, only dirtier. She ascended the stairs and came to the apartment where she had once lived. She knocked at the door cautiously. An old, haggard-looking woman opened the door. The woman looked strangely familiar to her, but she could not remember her name. The woman looked at her very closely and saw large, black, staring eyes.

"Yetta Stivel," she whispered in a queer voice as if she was thinking out loud.

Yetta was surprised to hear her name. How could this ragged, old woman know her?

"Surely you remember Mrs. Goldstein? I took you when your mother died," she said. "Come in."

Suddenly it all came back to her, that hectic night when her mother died.

"Have you seen my brother?" was her first question. The woman looked at her in a very pitiful manner. She seemed undecided as to whether to answer "yes" or "no." She finally said in a very low voice, "No."

Mrs. Goldstein persuaded Yetta to stay with her in the old apartment. For days and days Yetta combed East Side. All the people in the neighborhood avoided her. If she asked about her brother, they would answer in neither the affirmative nor negative. She thought this extremely queer. At night she lay awake hearing David's singing in her ears. Her supply of money soon became exhausted, and she began to look for work.

One day as she walked down a street of East Side, New York, everyone looked at her. She was walking in a daze, her enormous, black eyes staring into space. She walked very slowly, measuring every step. On

and on she walked until—alas—what was that? Her mother—she saw her mother in front of her, beckoning her on. She began to walk faster and faster. Suddenly she heard someone singing, singing. Her thoughts turned to David. Of course! That was David singing! Who else could sing like that? Hadn't her mother taken her to him!

"David, David!" she creamed, running blindly down the street. Then she stopped. The singer was walking down the street with a tin cup in one hand, a cane in the other. He was blind. In spite of this she recognized him to be David. She screamed his name again.

David heard her, and although he could not see, he knew from instinct that it was Yetta. He rushed on because she must not see him in this condition. He ran into the street.

"David!" Yetta screamed, and ran into the street after him. Then—crash—it was all over. The crowds near the tragedy saw a girl lying in the street dead, with a smile on her face. They saw a man lying in the street. The policeman leaned close to listen to his heart and heard him whisper, "Yetta, Yetta."



## The Hunt

By Dorothy Talmage

The hunters behind me are aiming to kill,  
So anxiously striving to show off their skill;  
They're wading through marshes, through mud,  
and through bogs,  
They're jumping o'er brush and across fallen logs.

I run over brush, over hill, over dale,  
I dash through the meadows and down through  
the vale,  
I'm compelled to get through this without any  
strife;  
Necessity forces me run for my life.

"Oh! There goes that slick one," the chief hunter  
cries;  
"And here comes my last fight," the poor fox  
he sighs,  
But slishing and swirling now breaks through  
the still;  
The soft snow prevents the gay hunters a kill.

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